YOUTH'S COMPANION

-20202020



Wide World Photos

AT THE PALACE GATES Watchers in Tokyo receive news of the birth of Princess Shigeko Toru

Contents This Week

Miss E. Grant By MARY CHAPIN SMITH	203	Mr. Peaslee Observes By FRANK K. RICH	211
Right names and wrong addresses		Fact and Comment: Newspapers, Magazines and Censors, A Gift to Humanity, John Leads, The Flopper	
Cameron MacBain, Backwoodsman – VI		Humanity, John Leads, The Flopper	212
By H. M. SHERMAN and H. DANIEL	204	This Busy World: The Possible Coal Strike, With the Aviators, The	
A Sense of HumorBy THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS The cook who would not laugh	206	Chinese Revolution, Hope for Radio Users, Immigration Problems, What Are Railroads Worth?	212
Came Over in the Mayflower	207	Miscellany: 'My Mother and I," A Little Oriental Princess, Reduced to Plain Terms, Religion for Mankind, Itching, Two Birds in Tune, The Best Motion Pictures	010
The Choice of a Profession: Banking By GEORGE W. NORRIS	209		
An eminent banker's advice to young men		The G. Y. C., For All Girls Everywhere	214
The Y. C. Lab, The National Society for Ingenious Boys	210	The Children's Page	215

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MISCELLANY

"MY MOTHER AND I"

(Announcement of Prize Winners in the Family Contest)

Announcement of Prize Winners in the Family Contest)

Letters in this division of the Family Contest are from boys of eighteen or younger. Although many a fine tribute has been paid to his mother by a man,—and sometimes these tributes come too late to be read by the eyes that would have most appreciated them,—it is very seldom that boys have been asked to write frankly on this most vital subject. Every letter in this division was marked ment. The winner, Victor Allen, of Kendrick, Colorado, described more fully than the others the influence of his mother's love upon him at all stages of his life so far. Excerpts from his letter follow:

Kendrick, Colorado January 1, 1927.

Kendrick, Colorado
January 1, 1927.

I believe my earliest recollection is standing
on a box at Mother's side and drying the
dishes for her. I also had a little broom and kept
the floor clean. In return, she read a great deal
to me and played many games with me.
There was a huge sand pile in our yard. It
was the whole world to me. Mother and I made
everything that is described in the geography.
We buried pans, and put water in them for the
rivers and the lakes. We used small weeds for
trees, for there were no trees where we lived; it

rivers and the lakes. We used small weeds for trees, for there were no trees where we lived; it was all level prairie. Sometimes we played marbles or cut out pictures. I was never lone-some. I never had a brother or sister, but my mother took the place of both.

As I grew older, she taught me to cook and bake, and I saved her many steps. I didn't mind it, because she was always doing something for me.

Once when the minister came to dinner he asked Mother what she wished me to be when I grew up. She replied: "Just an honest, truthful man."

asked Mother what she wished me to be when I grew up. She replied: "Just an honest, truthful man."

When I was six, we went to visit Mother's old home. How different from where we lived! There were trees and flowers and bees and a river. Mother took me through the woods where she used to play. A bird flew out of a hole in an old, hollow stump. Mother said it was a woodpecker and advised me not to put my hand in the hole, as something might bite me. That was one of the many times I was disobedient. As soon as my hand was in that hole, something caught it, and how it did hurt! I jerked loose and ran back. Another old woodpecker flew out. They had young ones, and Mother knew just how badly I wanted to see them. She brought a mirror and flashed the light in that old stump, and we could see the little birds.

Mother told me about the bees, and told me never to bother them. I watched one go deep into a flower. Mother wasn't near, so I thought I would take him a prisoner. I gathered the petals together and held them tightly. How angry he was! Then something hot went into my hand; he had stung me.

Mother never whipped me when I was disobedient. She always pointed out that other things could punish me if I didn't mind, just as the woodpecker and bee had done. I soon learned that Mother knew best, and I tried to do as she taught me.

Mother had never been strong since I was born, and when I was nine she was taken to a hospital for an operation. No one will ever know how I missed her. Up to this time I had never been away from her a day or a night in my life.

never been away from her a day or a night in my life.

When Mother came home I was so glad to work for her. She soon grew strong and well. We always had such good times together. Mother went with me on my pony when I went after the cows, and we chased rabbits; sometimes we played ball. She always helped me to go over my lessons at home. I think we have always had a cake on my birthday and some presents. Sometimes several of the neighbors come with their children; then we have a happy time. Last week our Christmas tree was an evergreen; one of the neighbors brought it fifty miles from the mountains. There were seventeen here for dinner, and a present for each one. Sometimes my Christmas tree has been only a huge weed gayly decorated, but I thought it was nice.

Although there are no rivers or lake near were

was nice.

Although there are no rivers or lakes near us, there are low places on the prairie which hold rain water. We call them lagoons. In the fall, when the lagoons are full of water, the ducks come over. Last fall Mother and I crawled a quarter of a mile on our hands and knees to get near a flock of ducks. Mother had the .410 double-barrel shotgun, and I had Dad's single-barrel 20-gauge shotgun. We only shot three times, but got six ducks for the table. It was great fun.

times, but got six ducks for the table. It was great fun.

Two years ago we took a vacation from farm work in the flivver. Of course Dad was with us.

We went through fourteen of the Western

As I grow older Mother does not need me to help about the house, and I work in the field with Dad. Last year we planted, cultivated and harvested a crop of 250 acres of corn and beans, and, with the exception of five days' work which we exchanged with a neighbor, we did all the work ourselves.

For several years we couldn't afford to subscribe for magazines, and some friends sent them to us after they had read them. Among them was The Youth's Companion. I liked it best. Now we take it ourselves, and each copy is saved carefully and given to other children after we have read it.

I always feel that I can tell my Mother anything or ask her any question, and she will understand. I am fifteen years old and in the ninth grade of school. Mother still tells me good-by when I start to school and says "Hello" when I get home. I do the chores. Mother strays says: "Whatever we have to dolet us do it cheerfully, because we love one another and are only working for one another." Mother still kisses me good night and tucks the covers around me and asks me if I have been good boy during the day. I know we love one another, and love and kindness to one another is the only way to be happy.

Victor Allen

Honorable Mention is given for letters of great merit to Ralph Boyd, Akron, O; Joseph

Victor Allen
Honorable Mention is given for letters of
great merit to Ralph Boyd, Akron, O.; Joseph
Wood, Morgantown, W. Va.; John Cauffiel,
Boswell, Pa.; Wheaton Webb, Kirkwood,
N. Y.; Thomas Herbert, Seattle, Wash.

Next week we shall publish the prize-win-ning letter on "My Father and I" from a girl. The winning letters in the remaining divisions will follow in regular course from

A LITTLE ORIENTAL PRINCESS

NOT always would the birth of a foreign princess receive from us so much attention as our front cover this week suggests. But we feel a special interest in the little Japanese Princess Shigeko Toru, for she is the only daughter of the Emperor of Japan, and her uncle, Prince Takahito, who is eleven years old, receives The Companion regularly as the gift of Mr. William S. Furst of Philadelphia. The princess, like so many million as the gift of Mr. William S. Furst of Philadelphia. The princess, like so many million other babies during the past hundred years, may learn to read English from our Children's Page and grow up to respect American institutions and to know thousands of American boys and girls through our pages. Mr. Furst, who also sends The Youth's Companion to the Anton Lang children in Oberammergau, believes that by making boys and girls known to one another around the world in this way, the seeds sown in youth will develop into a harvest of world peace.

REDUCED TO PLAIN TERMS

REDUCED TO PLAIN TERMS

"D⁰ I understand you to assert, Mr. Biggles," asked the lawyer for the defense, "that there were other subsequent occurrences of like nature, consecutive and consequent?"

"No, sir!" disclaimed Mr. Biggles, cautiously. "I didn't use no sech language as that! All I says was: there weren't nary a chicken stole till arter Hi Jenkins was let out o' jail, but there was the very night arter; and some mean skunk—I ain't namin' names—kep' right on robbin' hen-roosts every Sat'dy night, and there was feathers in his yard Sunday mornin's. That's every word I said, an' not another syl'ble!"

Long words are apt to arouse timidity or

syl'ble!"

Long words are apt to arouse timidity or resentment in circles where brief and pungent speech is the rule. The Christian Register recently told of the objections of a certain primitive and plain-spoken Captain Loveless to the new minister's "high-brow talk."

One day the minister was trying to con-

to the new minister's "high-brow talk."

One day the minister was trying to converse with another old retired mariner, Captain Williams, who was very deaf; Captain Loveless had been telling about "the big fire in '81."

"Was it the concensus of opinion," asked the minister, "that the conflagration was the result of accident, or the work of an incendiary?"

"Hey?" said Captain Williams, hand to ear.

ear.
"What he wants to know," cut in Captain Loveless, raising his voice to carrying pitch, "is whether the big fire was set or ketched?"

FROM COAST TO COAST

HEMMANDHAW: "Do you travel much in that old flivver of yours?"

Shimmerpate: "From coast to coast."
"Goodness! Have you really gone from
Maine to California in that boat?"

"Oh, no. I mean I coast down one hill and then tow it up to another one and then coast again."

— Youngstown Telegram.



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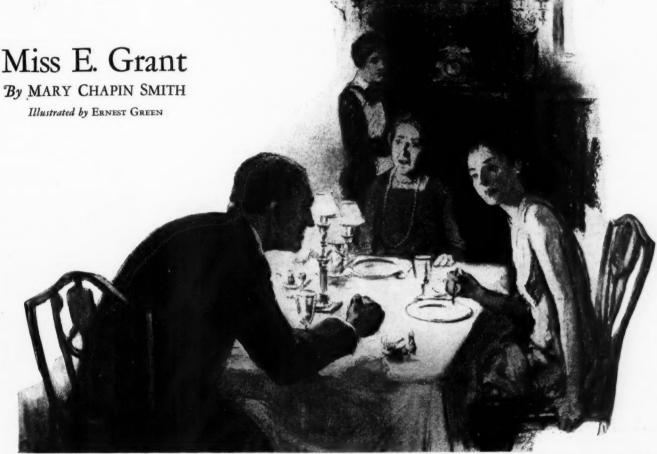
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION 8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 101

MARCH 24, 1927



"What a delicious soup," Eva murmured, and then jumped, as the old gentleman brought his hand down on the table with a bang, exclaiming fiercely that it was just like women to say a thing was delicious which wasn't fit to eat

HE train groaned and shook itself and pulled slowly out of the station. Ellen Grant realized that the next stop was her destination and with her usual ner destination and with her usual methodical care began to collect her neat be-longings, doing everything with precision and a certain exact little manner. Just twenty-four and obliged by a set of un-toward circumstances which have nothing to do with this story to earn her own living, she had been for several years a governess and was now on her way to undertake the duties of that position for the grandchildren of a friend, who wanted all the accomplishments and all the virtues combined, at a moderate

She was too well poised and too sure of herself, without being exactly conceited, to herself, but she could not help wondering about the details of her new home, of which she was outle for the she was not shown to be shown

details of her new nome, of which she was quite ignorant.

Meanwhile in the parlor car sat another young girl, who also bore the name of Grant and whose first name was Eva, but who was as unrelated to Ellen Grant in blood as she was in life.

and whose first name was Eva, but who was as unrelated to Ellen Grant in blood as she was in life's surroundings. Bound to pay her first visit to the family of her fiancé, her pretty face wore a most worried look.

What could have been more unfortunate than the news in the telegram just handed her at the junction where she had expected to meet Tom. The fact that she could not see him until four hours later was in itself an affliction; but at the idea of facing his family without him Eva could only shudder in despair. She regretted now that during the few weeks of their engagement she had not asked him more about his people.

She was most afraid of his mother, of course. His father Tom had always described as being "awfully jolly," and she knew that his sisters would have the same interests as herself. But she wished she had asked Tom which of them were at home just now, for she knew they were often absent from their New England town. Then she remembered that he had said vaguely that they were "all" to be home for Thanksgiving tomor-

row. Did that include his married brother

row. Did that include his married brother Louis and his family?

Oh, well, she must do the best she could, and Tom would be there early in the evening. Here was her station, and she set her teeth and followed the porter with her dressing-case and umbrella out to the door.

He helded her down into the bustle, and she He helped her down into the bustle, and she felt herself adrift. Surely some one would come to meet her,

and she scanned anxiously the faces of the people who had been awaiting the incoming train. But they all seemed to find those for whom they were seeking, and in the midst of the confusion of laughing welcome and the hurry of the silent and business-like travelers who went studily off by themselves the hurry of the silent and business-like travelers who went sturdily off by themselves she stood uncertain and forlorn. Finding herself jostled by the crowd, she yielded to it and, wandering vaguely through the station, went out on the opposite platform, beginning to think she must hail a cab.

Then she suddenly saw a large, old-fashioned barouche, now so rare, with a pair of fat, black horses and an aged, old-fashioned coachman who was leaning down from his box peering at the passers-by. As she glanced uncertainly at him, he touched his hat and said inquiringly:

"Beg pardon, miss. Are you Miss Grant?"

"Beg pardon, miss. Are you Miss Grant?"
"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Eva joyfully.
The man looked as relieved as she felt and,

asking for her check, suggested that she should "get in" while waiting for the trunk, for which he dispatched a porter.

for which he dispatched a porter.

Eva looked eagerly out of the windows, trying to see as much as possible of the city which was to be her future home, but the dusk had already settled down thick and gray, and she could only see the outline of the house when, after a short avenue of lone-some firs, they stopped at a dark, forbidding-looking porch. The door was opened by a taciturn maid who, saying only, "This way, m'm," led Eva through a hall cavernous in its gloom and up a long flight of black-walnut stairs to a large, square bedroom.

room.
"Dinner will be ready in a half an hour.

Would you like some hot water, m'm?" asked the maid, not even trying to hide the fact that she was taking a careful survey of Eva's dress.

Yes, please," said Eva meekly.

SHUT in at last alone with her trunk, she O felt a strong inclination to embrace it as a piece of home and weep. But, finding by her watch that three minutes had gone by since she consulted it last and that therefore Tom vas so much nearer, she refrained and began lowly to dress for dinner.

The house seemed large and handsome, The house seemed large and handsome, but somehow it was different from what she had expected. Perhaps it was only because it was so still and silent, she thought, trying to be impartial. But Eva suddenly decided that she hated black-walnut furniture and thought heavy, green rep curtains of old-fashioned and expensive make hideous. Anyway she could not help feeling deserted at no one's coming to greet her.

Just then there was a knock at the door. A nurse entered leading two little girls of eight and twelve, and, if Eva had not been absorbed with other matters, she would have been surprised at the woman's apparent air

en surprised at the woman's apparent air defiance.

'Here are the children, miss," she said

"Here are the children, miss," she said shortly.

"Louis' children, of course. How stupid of me not to know their names," thought Eva as she stooped to kiss them.

"Have you brought. us any candy?" asked the younger suddenly, and then, overcome by her sister's scandalized "Why, Pussy!" hid her head shyly in her nurse's skirts and emerged only on Eva's assuring her mysteriously that, if she would come back at the same hour tomorrow, there would be some on the table brought perhaps by the fairy with golden wings who had been her—Eva's—constant playmate when she was Pussy's age.

"Shall we see her?" asked Pussy, shaking her soft hair out of her eyes, wide-open with delight. Eva sat down on the floor with an arm about each child to describe the dress of

rose leaves which perhaps the fairy would

The nurse sniffed her scorn at such trifling as audibly as she dared, and soon dragged

The nurse sniffedher scorn at such trifling as audibly as she dared, and soon dragged away her mutinous charges.

After their departure Eva put on her simplest evening dress, a white mull embroidered in light blue, out of deference to the evident quietude of the house. A chime of Japanese bells rang before she was quite ready, and, much flurried at the idea of being late, she hastily finished and skurried down stairs, arriving at the drawing-room door breathless and almost in tears, at the thought of the ordeal which lay before her without Tom's encouraging presence.

She had a confused idea of a spacious, heavily furnished room dimly lighted, by the empty fireplace of which stood a portly gray-haired lady of an aspect singularly severe—at least so it seemed to Eva as she went forward to Tom's mother.

"I hope you had an easy journey, Miss Grant," said that majestic personage. "My husband," and Eva turned with a start to where a red-faced little old gentleman was sitting half lost in a huge armchair which did not succeed in looking soft for all its upholstery.

By a series of jerks he got himself slowly to his feet, less to shake her hand, Eva de-

holstery.

By a series of jerks he got himself slowly to his feet, less to shake her hand, Eva decided, than because he was in haste to start for his dinner. Once seated at the table he paid no more attention to her save by an occasional grunt, but, as that seemed to be the extent of his conversation anyway save when he complained eloquently and bitterly of the cook, she tried to be content.

The mistress of the house divided her time between twing to anticipate her husband's

The mistress of the house divided her time between trying to anticipate her husband's querulous demands for everything which was not on the table, and a strenuous inspection of Eva, which the latter distressfully felt was disapproving.

"What a delicious soup," she murmured; "it is the kind Tom likes so much—" and the investigation of the latter investigation of the latter investigation."

then jumped, as the old gentleman brought his hand down on the table with a bang, ex-claiming fiercely that it was just like women

to say a thing was delicious which wasn't fit to eat. His voice died off into incoherent mutterings, interspersed with occasional re-sentful glances at Eva.

For some time there was silence. At last Eva summoned up her courage and, feeling that she really must talk a little, remarked weakly:

"It was such a pity about Tom's train. But I suppose the night before a holiday everything is late and crowded. Do you

everything is late and crowded. Do you know, I am so glad to spend a Thanksgiving in New England, for I have always heard so much about its customs."

It was apparent that Thanksgiving meant turkey to the old gentleman, for he became quite purple at the contemplation, and Eva had a miserable vision of how he would gorge birges! for the moreous.

had a miserable vision of how he would gorge himself on the morrow.

"Many of the good old customs of the season are lost," remarked the old lady pompously, "but I am glad to see you would keep them with us, Miss Grant."

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Eva eagerly. "I think nothing is so nice as a jolly houseful, all having a gay time over the holidays with games and—" But before she had finished her sentence she feared she had blundered again, and became guite sure of it when she

again, and became quite sure of it when she was answered by a cold stare and a short, "That is hardly what I mean."

Decidedly it was no use, and Eva finished her mutton with the wretched conviction that she should never get on with Tom's people.

As the pumpkin pie was placed upon the As the pumpkin pie was placed upon the table she made one last effort, and, turning to the old gentleman, said timidly, "Tom expects to get here about eight, doesn't he, sir?" Then the skies fell, for the old gentleman banged his fist down with a force which made the glasses hop and roared: "Who in thunder is Tom?"

AS Ellen Grant stepped from the forward end of her car, bearing a most tidy traveling-bag which had conspicuously on its side the initials E. G., she hesitated a little, wondering if anyone had come to meet her. At that moment a young man came up to her, and, taking the bag from her hand, said, "Miss Grant? This way, miss," and plunged

into the crowd.

She followed, her check was taken and she was ushered into a smart little sedan car, and whirled away, before she had time to

and whired away, before she had thile to look about.

"Dear me," she thought as she sank back on the springy cushions, "how pleasant it is to go so fast."

Arriving at a beautiful old colonial house, she was welcomed on the doorstep by a stream of light and gay voices which all poured out together into the cold twilight and surrounded her with a pleasant atmosphere of home. The house seemed full of young people, and she was at once drawn into a vortex of confused laughter and greetings and escorted into a cheerful drawingings and escorted into a cheerful drawing-room, where she felt herself embraced and kissed by an elderly lady with a most charm-ing face who murmured as she did so:

"My dear, I cannot greet you in any other

way." Rather taken aback, Ellen stammered a little and was provoked to feel herself blushing.

"What a shame about the train's being late!" now exclaimed a chorus, and, al-though Ellen was not conscious that her train had been late, she was too polite to contradict.

contradict.

She was placed in an easy chair, fed with tea and delectable little cakes, her wraps taken, a cushion put behind her back and altogether was made such a fuss about that she was quite overwhelmed. A tall blue-eyed girl with her mother's gracious manner seemed to make Ellen her especial charge, ever her chair to whisner under stooping over her chair to whisper under cover of a more than usually loud shout of laughter:

laughter:

"None of us went to meet you, for the car is so crowded with more than two. Tom's telegram only came a few minutes ago. And to think after all that he isn't here! It is such a shame, dear, when he has looked forward to this first meeting so much."

hearth, and a huge bowl of violets on a low table sent her perfumed smiles.

Madge, as she discovered the blue-eyed girl was called, lingered, chattering in what Ellen considered an extremely frivolous manner. It bored her greatly too, and, making up her mind that she must at once take a decided stand against such foolish wasting of time, she replied to an enthusiastic account of a proposed starlight and honfire skating

time, she replied to an enthusiastic account of a proposed starlight and bonfire skating party with a chilly: "How nice."

Then, as Madge was for a moment comparatively subdued, she followed it up by asking primly: "Can I see the children tonight, or have they gone to bed?"

"Louis' children? Oh, they're in bed probably. You must see them tomorrow, they are such dears. Cousin Margaret didn't bring hers; it is such a long trip, you know. Now I'll leave you to dress, and send a maid to you. Tom will be here before very long."

"I almost wish they hadn't put so many fragile things in the room," she reflected. "The children will be sure to break them."

"The children will be sure to break them."
Going downstairs to the drawing-room she was welcomed by another daughter of the house. Soon the room filled with laughing, pleasant people, who greeted her cordially and did their best to make her feel one of themselves. She was awed by their clothes; they made her little black frock look so plain. But these people were far too well behaved to say anything about it, even if they noticed it. Their whole effort, plainly, was to make her a member of the family.

Just as dinner was announced a tall, handsome man entered, the father of the family. He led her off to the dining-room with an air

He led her off to the dining-room with an air of almost paternal admiration which greatly embarrassed her, even while she told herself

embarrassed ner, even while she told herselt that it was only meant for good-natured encouragement on this, her first night.
"How wonderfully kind they all are," she thought. "I do hope that after this they will let me take my tea with the children, and not come down evenings unless they want me to play for them."

me to play for them."

Tom's name was on everyone's lips as the meal proceeded. And whenever he was mentioned everyone seemed to turn and smile at Ellen. She tried to efface herself into her wished-for attitude of governess, but she was not allowed to do so. Finally there came a lull, and Ellen bent forward a little to catch Madgre's ever and said in clear tones: "Who is Madge's eye and said in clear tones: "Who is Tom?"

Had she thrown a bomb on the dinner

Had she thrown a bomb on the dinner table, her companions could not have been more startled. They all gave a jump, and then became petrified with astonishment, staring at Ellen; and she stared back at them, equally astounded by the effect of her innocent question.

As they sat thus, there was a sudden commotion in the hall, the portières were flung aside, and into the room ran a lovely girl in evening dress, with a cloak around her shoulders and tears on her cheeks.

"Oh, where is Tom?" she cried. "Oh, Mrs. Jennings, is this you? I've had such a dreadful time—I went to the wrong house. Where is Tom?"

As they all started at this new excitement,

As they all started at this new excitement, Mrs. Jennings struggled to collect her bewildered wits.

There has been some mistake," she exclaimed. Then, turning to her weeping visi-tor, "My dear, what is your name?" she

claimed. Then, turning to her weeping visitor, "My dear, what is your name?" she asked gently.

"Eva Grant."

"And yours?" They all turned toward Ellen, who shrank in her chair.

"Ellen Grant."

"Oh!" cried Eva. "That is the name of the girl they expected where I went—the girl Mrs. Arthur Jennings expected as governess."

A sudden light burst upon everyone present, and they all cried out with surprise and with dawning merriment. But they were not people who would laugh at the distress of a girl. They made Eva feel at home; and then Mr. Jennings turned to Ellen with a twinkle in his eye.

"You must never go to my cousin Arthur's house as governess," he said. "Louis and his wife have been looking for some one just like you. And you are really one of our family now—I insist that you can't go back on us!"



"Beg pardon, miss. Are you Miss Grant?" "Oh, yes!" exclaimed Eva joyfully.

The old-fashioned coachman looked relieved

Ellen smiled vaguely, although she felt a little confused and was relieved when she was led off upstairs to a most attractive bedroom, where the dainty furniture was covered with the freshest and brightest of chintz and where a door stood open into a dressing-room full of every luxury. A gay little fire winked sociably at her from the

With an encouraging smile, Madge departed.
"Tom is evidently a favorite brother,"

Luxuriating in the services of the maid, Ellen put on her best evening dress, a very simple one. Then she stood by the fire, looking about on her delicate setting.

IN BLEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 6

UT on the highway, under construction, the news of Cameron's quest had even circulated among the workmen. They glanced curiously at the serious-faced youth as he swung a pick alongide them.

at the serious-laced youth as he swung a pick alongside them.

"Boy good worker!" observed one.

"Better worker than bluffer," remarked another, dryly. "Guess he found he couldn't put nothin' over on Evans. Mr. Evans mighty slick man!"

Cameron tried not to heed the interest he

Cameron tried not to heed the interest he was causing. He bent to his task, laboring on the strip of road assigned to him as though he were a veteran. The manner in which he he were a veteran. The manner in which he applied himself won the instant approval of his boss. Polaski, in fact, used Cameron's zeal as a basis of comparison.
"Come on, you guys!" he called to the rest of the gang. "Going to let the kid run away from you?"

The quip had the desired effect, but it did not serve to make the factor's son more popular.

not serve to make the factor's son more pop-

ular with the workers.

There was a fascination in the steam shovel and the steam roller and the tar spreader. Cameron paid no more attention to onlookers than he did to these he was

Cameron MacBain Backwoodsman

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN and HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

working with. For this reason he was greatly surprised, late in the afternoon, to hear his name spoken. "Why, how do you do, Mr. MacBain!" to him had caused quite a stir. She stood, smiling cordially, and waiting for him to reply. "Why—a—I—you see—" he started to

"Why, how do you do, Mr. MacBain!"
Cameron was at the edge of the road nearest the sidewalk. He looked up into the face
of the girl with the golden hair!
"I—I didn't know you were working," she
said, before he could speak.
Cameron managed to remove his cap,
conscious that the road gang were staring
rudely.

"That's old man Evans's daughter!" he overheard one of them exclaim in surprised Cameron felt his face grow hot. Golden Hair didn't seem to notice that her speaking:

reply.
"Why—a—I—you see—" he started to explain, lamely. "Well, I thought maybe it wouldn't hurt to earn a little money, seeing as how it looks like things might not be cleared up right off.'

The girl with the dancing blue eyes nodded understandingly. She fingered at the torn cover of a school book under her arm.

he—has he—"
"Nothing particular," Catherine hastened to add, noting Cameron's great eagerness.

"Have you seen daddy today?" she asked.
"N—no. I—I haven't had time," answered Cameron, cautiously. "Why? Did

"I just heard him talking over the phone to Mr. Stearns about you, and I thought from what he said-

"What did he say?" asked Cameron,

what he said—"
"What did he say?" asked Cameron, bluntly.
"Oh, something about their taking care of you today," informed Catherine vaguely.
"I thought perhaps everything might be straightened out."
"Taking care of me?" repeated Cameron, wonderingly. "Everything straightened out?" His heart leaped momentarily with hope. "Well, if they're fixing to do something for me, I don't know it yet. You see I've been out on the road all day. Of course they could have found me easy enough. Maybe tonight—"
Catherine smiled encouragingly.
"I'll tell daddy that I saw you," she volunteered. "I'm just sure everything's going to turn out all right."
With that the girl with the golden hair tripped off, Cameron not even being sure that she heard the grateful, "Thank you, ma'am!" which he called after her.
The factor's son followed the daughter of Benbow Evans with his eyes until she had turned the corner and vanished from sight. How friendly she had acted toward him! No one could have been nicer. One thing was

certain: if her father did not share her feeling

of friendliness, he had not communicated his real attitude. Cameron was frankly puzzled. That night, at the supper table in the Evans home, a golden-haired girl told her father of having met the boy who had called to see him about the MacBain estate the

day before.
"Is that so?" said Mr. Evans, pausing with a fork half-upraised to his mouth.
"Where was it you saw him?"
"He was working with the men on the road," informed Catherine.

Her father stared and lowered the fork to

his plate without completing its journey.
"No! You certain?"
"Oh, yes, daddy. I stopped and talked to him. He said he had to earn some money if things weren't going to be settled right

"H'm! He did?" Mr. Evans pulled thoughtfully at one corner of his carefully groomed moustache. Then he pushed his chair back from the table and excused himself from the room. Catherine gazed after

self from the room. Catherine gazed after her father, curiously.

"Dear daddy," she said to herself, "he's so worked up over this MacBain matter! I do hope he gets it settled soon. I feel so sorry for that Mr. MacBain too."

A FEW minutes later Joe Polaski, seated at supper in Mrs. Miller's dining-room, received a telephone call. Telephone calls were about as rare in Joe's life as wearing evening clothes, and members of the gang joshed him roundly as he pushed back his chair and got up to answer. "Me?" he asked, unbelievingly, of the

big-framed proprietress

you. You very good to Joe. Say what, Mr. Evans!"

There was a slight pause at the other end the line and the sound of an intaking breath.

breath.

"Joe, you just put a boy to work on the road today, didn't you?"

"Boy? You mean—he no boy when he come to work. He darn good hand!"

"I know, I don't doubt that, Joe. But I've an interest in the boy, and I don't want him to keep on working. Understand?"

"You—you want I fire him?"

"Well—er—yes, let him go. I'll see that you get some more men if you need them. But let him go. I'm taking care of him, Joe. Get me?"

Yeah, I fix everything right away, Mr. Evans!

"Joe—wait a minute! You—a—I—I
don't care for the boy to know that I'm—
er—taking care of him yet. So don't tell him
that I asked you to let him go. Understand?"

that I asked you to let him go. Understand?"
"Oh, you want Joe keep mum, eh?"
"Don't tell anybody. Just let him go—
fire him! Savvy?"
"I got you, Mr. Evans."
"That's fine. Thanks, Joe. I'll see you

later.

Joe listened until he heard the receiver click at the other end of the line. He leaned an elbow against the wall and scratched a spot on his head with a calloused finger.

"Now what the thunder boy doing in Evans's way? Evans—he wise bird. Good wastered in with Los scray, but have to let

guy stand in with. Joe sorry, but have to let

boy go!"

The foreman returned, sober-faced, to the dining-room. He paid no heed to the goodnatured banter which greeted him but gave

The factor's son stared, not quite

comprehending.
"Let me go? Why—what's the matter,
Mr. Polaski? Didn't I do well enough?"
The foreman, gruff as his nature ordinarily was, found it difficult to discharge

this sincere youth.
"No, no! You very good! I wish I keep

you. But you not twenty-one yet, eh?"
"Twenty-one?"
"You not old enough work on road. Joe get trouble with law!

It was an untruth, but the foreman had to have some good-sounding reason to get around the penetrating look in the boy's

around the penetrating look in the boy's eyes.

The law! Cameron's fingers twitched. So it was the law that was thwarting him again—this monster that leered behind every move he made in this new world and put out a restraining arm the moment he was about to make some headway. The law had evidently the thing the state of the stat dently kept him from proving his identity. It looked now as though the law were going to keep him from earning the money with which to live!

which to live!

"Here, Joe pay you off now," said the foreman, not without a show of sympathy. The boss of the road gang took three wrinkled dollar bills from his pocket and passed them over to Cameron. "Too bad, you very good worker," he repeated, as he noted the boy's strained face. "But Joe got to mind the law!"

Afterward, in trying to appease his rough-

to mind the law!"

Afterward, in trying to appease his roughened conscience, the foreman told himself that Benbow Evans was practically the law of Deep River.

Cameron, utterly disconsolate from this latest blow, sought out old Bob Doyle, the

new highway's being built, then down past the schoolhouse, turn to the right, at the corner, and it's the second house from the next corner on the left-hand side. Got it?" Cameron nodded, anxious to be off. "If you haven't, ask anybody!" old Bob shouted after him. He shook his head

snouted after him. He snook his head amusedly as he returned to his telegraph key. "He's a great boy, that Cameron Mac-Bain. Makes me think a lot of his uncle!"

CAMERON zigzagged to the home of Moulton Pierce, following directions faultlessly, a feat which would have amazed old Bob. The station master had not reckold Bob. The station master had not reck-oned on the training which had been the lot of the factor's son, and the fact that Cam-eron only had to be told directions once, no matter how little attention he apparently paid to them. It was simple to find one's way to a certain place in a town like Deep River. Finding one's way out of a forest, when lost, was often an achievement.

was often an achievement.

Moulton Pierce had hardly more than gotten settled at home than the front doorbell rang. Mrs. Pierce, who had returned with her husband, started to answer the summons, but Mr. Pierce restrained her.

"It's probably the boy," he surmised.

If ever a young fellow, a stranger in a strange country, received a cordial welcome, it was Cameron MacBain, namesake of his illustrious uncle. It was not the brass-band illustrious uncle.

it was Cameron MacBain, namesake of misillustrious uncle. It was not the brass-band hiustrious uncle. It was not the brass-band kind of welcome, but a wonderfully warm heart-to-heart sort of greeting, which won Cameron completely and put him at ease, with the first fatherly embrace. The factor's son was made to feel, on the instant, that he belonged

son was made to feel, on the instant, that he belonged.
"Well, well; so the radio did it!" Moulton Pierce exclaimed. "I guess Hale and Stearns will have a hard time pooh-poohing my idea now. Evans said it wouldn't do any harm to try, but he very much doubted. Young man, you're almost going to be the image of your uncle! You might have been his own son! What a joy it would have given Cam if he could only have known of your father and you!"

you!"

Cameron, quite overcome by the demon

Cameron, quite overcome by the demonstration being made over him, could only sit, face beaming happily, eyes moist.

"Listen to me rave!" laughed Moulton Pierce, checking himself, "And I haven't even asked you how you've been getting along since you arrived? Seen Mr. Stearns? Evans? Hale?"

Evans? Hale?"

The mention of these names caused Cameron's face to sober. Here was some one in whom he could confide. Moulton Pierce would understand. He would take hold of things and see that they got straightened out satisfactorily. He was a real friend of the man who had been his uncle. Haltingly Cameron told Moulton Pierce of the trouble he had had trying to establish his identity. When he had finished Mr. Pierce looked up toward the ceiling and whistled wonderingly.

When he had hnished Mr. Fierce Booked up toward the ceiling and whistled wonderingly. "H'm, that's funny," he remarked finally. "But if that's the law, then it's the law. You shouldn't have such a hard time getting

around it. You certainly know some one—
"Not in any place but Fort Seldon," said
Cameron, "and I couldn't get word from them in time!'

them in time!"

"You must know some one who could testify as to who you are," insisted Mr. Pierce. "Think, lad. Think! Some one in authority. Didn't you meet—"

Cameron leaped to his feet. Of course! Why hadn't he thought of this individual before? Some one in authority! Frank Ballinger, the Hudson's Bay factor at Edmonton! Mr. Ballinger had stopped at the MacBain home several times on his trips up to ton: Mr. Ballinger had stopped at the Mac-Bain home several times on his trips up to Fort Seldon and knew Cameron's father well. Cameron indeed had called on him at Edmonton, and Mr. Ballinger had said at parting, "If there's ever anything I can do for you, don't fail to let me know." Now was the time when Mr. Ballinger could do comething for him!

was the time when Mr. Ballinger could do something for him!

"There, there is some one after all," said Cameron, eyes widening hopefully. "A man who knows my father and who knows me. That is, he ought to know me; he's seen me several times, and I've talked to him."

"That's good enough," pronounced Moulton Pierce, taking pencil and paper from his pocket. "Tell me who he is, and I'll send him a telegram at once, explaining the predicament you're in and asking him to forward the necessary evidence as to your identity." identity.

"His name's Frank Ballinger, and he's factor of the post at Edmonton," informed

Cameron.
Mr. Pierce took this down, then turned to Cameron, cordially.
"See here, before we go any farther, you

Cameron was gripped from behind by power-ful hands and fairly catapulted up into the body of the truck, where he was thrown face down, badly stunned

"You!" assured Mrs. Miller, following him to the hall door, hoping that she might get in ear-shot of the conversation. "Must be a wrong number!" chuckled one of the workers

of the workers.
"Say 'hello' for me, Joe!" called another. Cameron sat, fingering his napkin, a silent witness to the proceedings. The gang had decided to let him alone entirely, not even

decided to let him alone entirely, not even indicating that they knew he was present. Joe picked up the receiver, glanced about embarrassedly and motioned to the curious landlady to close the door between the hall

and the dining room.
"Too much noise," he said. "No can hear."
The door was pushed shut reluctantly and
Joe was left to himself.

Some one want Joe?" he asked timidly. "Joe Polaski?" came a voice, low and eager. e, sure!

a significant glance at Cameron.

"See me when we're through here, kid."

Now, for the first time since they had seated themselves at the table, the members of the construction gang turned eyes upon the boy from the Far North—questioning eyes. So the boss had received a telephone call concerning the new hand! What in loose gravel could it be about? The lad was a riddle all the way round. Lots of folks can concerning the new hand! What in loose gravel could it be about? The lad was a riddle all the way round. Lots of folks seemed interested in him at that. For a stranger in Deep River he'd managed to get acquainted with the best. There was Benbow Evans's daughter. It wasn't often that she—

Cameron remained in the dining-room as the workers filed out. He knew instinctively that whatever foreman Polaski might have to say to him had been directed by the tele-phone call. And Cameron could tell by the "Sure, sure!"

"Listen, Joe.* This is your friend Mr.
Evans speaking."

The foreman started and shifted his position at the telephone.

"Yeah, yeah! Mr. Evans?"

"Will you do something for me, Joe?"

"You bet! I'm very glad do something for would be the expression on Joe's face that the message was not going to be a pleasant one.

AS soon as the men were gone, Joe turned abruptly to Cameron.

"Too bad, Mr. MacBain—I have to let you go."

station master, as his only source of hope. He would never forget old Bob's kindly treatment of him upon his arrival. In fact he'd told old Bob just that. And the station agent had invited him to drop around at any time and let him know how he was getting on. Getting on? Cameron smiled ruefully. He was dropping around to tell lold Bob how

on. Getting on? Cameron smiled rueruhy.

He was dropping around to tell old Bob how he was not getting on!

But the moment the white-haired station master caught sight of Cameron, and before the factor's son could so much as open his mouth to recite the experiences which had been his, old Bob called out: "How are you, lead? I've hed way on my midd the last bour. been nis, old noo called out: "How are you, lad? I've had you on my mind the last hour. Moulton Pierce's back! He just got in about forty minutes ago. I told him you were here and who you were, and he's crazy to see

you!"
Overjoyed, Cameron eagerly inquired the way to the house of his late uncle's closest friend. Old Bob told him and then insisted on telling him over because he was con-vinced that Cameron had been too excited to

get the directions clearly.
"Remember now—straight down Main
Street three blocks, a left turn to where the

run over to that rooming-house and get your duds and trot right back! You're going to make your headquarters at the Pierce home from now on, and we don't take 'no' for an answer. I'll send the wire to Mr. Ballinger while you're gone and get that thing started.
There'll be plenty of time to talk after we get you settled. How long do you think it'll take you?"

take you?"

Cameron did some quick figuring.

"About half an hour," he said. "But I hate to be any trouble, Mr. Pierce. I—"

"Trouble? Trouble to look after the nephew of my dearest friend? It's a pleasure and a privilege! Hurry along now and never mind rapping when you return. Just walk right in!"

CAMERON needed no urging. He was only too glad to avail himself of Mr. Pierce's invitation. The rooming-house, since his dismissal from the working crew and the attitude which he felt the men held toward him, did not appeal to the factor's son as a place to stay.

Cameron's landlady fairly burned herself up with curiosity when the boy with the funny cap told her he was leaving.

"Be you? And where might you be goin'?" she asked.

"How much did you say I owed you?" countered Cameron, taking out the three wrinkled bills which the foreman had given him and adding some of his dwindled fund

"Six dollars, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Miller, holding out a chubby hand. "Just right, thank you; but you didn't answer my— Well, can you beat that? The kid's gone!"

Cameron did not mean to be discourteous, but he loathed being plied with questions, and it was difficult to refuse information when addressed directly.
"She may mean well," thought Cameron, "but I just can't see myself telling her a

The factor's son set out eagerly on the re-turn trip to Pierce's home. It was only some four blocks distant, and, though the night turn trip to Pierce's home. It was only some four blocks distant, and, though the night was pitch dark, save for the street lights, Cameron hurried along, sure of his steps. He fell to whistling as he lugged his bulging bag, unmindful of its weight. Everything had turned out all right. He was in good, dependable hands at last. No matter what Stearns and Evans might have in mind, they would have to reckon with Pierce. And Pierce would be a hard man to reckon with unless that reckoning was done on the equare. At least that was the impression which Cameron had gained of Mr. Pierce in their short meeting.

Coming to the road under construction, the factor's son started across. It was near the street intersection, not far from the school. A pile of stones and some heavy timbers flanked the curbing. Standing near this pile, facing on the side street, was a light duty truck, rear tail light lit. Cameron gave it a passing glance and wondered a bit that the machine, which he had seen in use during the day, should have been left standing out over night.

It was just as Cameron was walking between the truck and the pile of timbers that

It was just as Cameron was walking be-tween the truck and the pile of timbers that he was seized. There was no possible chance for him to put up a struggle or to make an outcry. He was gripped from behind by powerful hands and fairly catapulted up into the body of the truck where he was thrown

the body of the truck where he was thrown face down, badly stunned.

The next thing Cameron knew he was jouncing up and down, with the truck speeding over rough country roads and a dark form sitting astraddle of him while another dark form crouched at the wheel in the driver's seat!

THE blackness of the night effectively blotted out the features of the two who had taken the factor's son captive. Though Cameron strained his eyes, he could not gain the slightest knowledge of what his kidnap-

pers actually looked like. Why had he been kidnapped anyway? What could anybody want with him? Cameron gave a sudden



"You—you want I fire the boy?" said Joe Polaski into the telephone. "Well—er— yes," said the voice, "let him go"

lurch in an effort to wrench himself free. The

man holding him down rasped a warning:
"If you know what's good fer you, you
won't put up no fight!"
The man in the driver's seat gave a glance
back over his shoulder. "Don't stand for no monkey work. If he gets funny, give him a poke!"

Cameron, pinioned down as he was, realized how useless it would be to offer any resistance at the moment. Instead he took to

gazing up at the sky. The night was cloudy, but there were dark patches between clouds where stars twinkled out. It was these friendly stars that Cameron's eyes sought. They were the only familiar objects in surroundings terrifyingly strange. The immediate landscape was changing violently in dark swooping shadows as the truck roared on. Where were they going? What were they going to do with him? If he could only tell in which direction they were traveling! Bump, bump, bumpity, bump, bump! He was going to be bruised a-plenty! Every time the truck passed over a rut he received a jarring thump. He was seeing a different sort of stars from those in the sky!

Hello! There was the North Star; he caught a fleeting glimpse of it as the truck climbed over the hill and shot down between a lane of trees. The North Star, and in such a position that the factor's son, from his backwoods knowledge of the heavens, now knew his captors were transporting him due north.

"I wonder how fast we're going?" Cameron thought next. "If I could just figure that

north.

"I wonder how fast we're going?" Cameron thought next. "If I could just figure that out, I might be able to tell how far away we're getting from Deep River!"

But this was the first time that the boy from the north had ever ridden in a motor vehicle. He could tell approximately how far he would have gone had he been out this length of time on a dog sled. Estimating the distance that the truck had taken him or might take him, however, was something of which Cameron was incapable.

"Ah, there's a turn to the east!"Cameron observed, as the truck careened to the right.

right.

The speed that the car was making seemed terrific to the factor's son. He wondered if it might be dangerous. Twice other cars were passed on the road, the truck swerving to one side. In the flash of headlights Cameron tried again to catch a glimpse of the faces, but each time the light was too fleeting.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

""
OOK," cried the skipper, "when d'ye intend to learn to be careful? Another inch of list to port, an' that duff would ha' plunged off the dish an' smashed my leg."
The cook's broad face flushed a deep red, on the beathed hearily.

and he breathed heavily.

"Will ye have some, Mr. Kelly?" asked the skipper, holding a large carving-knife above a small currant pudding.

"Aye, sir, just a taste. A couple o' hundredweight'll be enough," replied the mate, oravely.

weight'll be enough," replied the mate, gravely.

The captain of the Sunbeam detached a portion from the pudding and, with every sign of severe exertion, slid it over the edge of the dish onto the mate's plate. Then, laying down knife and fork, he applied both hands to the plate and pushed it slowly along the table. At that, Mr. Kelly's gravity gave way in a bellow of laughter; and the cook, unable to contain his emotions another second, dashed from the cabin and pranced about the deck, shaking his fists above his head.

head.

"Be that the Highland fling or the ballot dance?" asked the boatswain. "What be troublin' ye, anyway?" he added.

"Troublin' me?" cried the cook, huskily.
"They be drivin' me demented, them two. There don't be another cook sailin' out o' St. John's can mix a better figgy-duff nor me."

"Then what he the trouble?" asked the

"Then what be the trouble?" asked the boatswain.

The cook pointed tragically toward the

They make a fool o' everything I carries aft—an' when they eats it to the last crumb!" he exclaimed. "What d'ye think they be at now, but pullin' and haulin' the duff round like it was a puncheon o' molasses. 'Mind yer eye,' yells the skipper, 'or ye'll smash me legs.' Bos'n, I'll be clean demented afore we crosses the line! I gets that desperate sometime, bos'n, 'twould be a pleasure to bust!"

"Cook, ye got an sense o' bus well." They make a fool o' everything I carries

a pleasure to bust!"

"Cook, ye got no sense o' humor," said the boatswain. "Ye can't see a joke."

"Joke!" retorted the cook. "Show me a joke, an' I laughs with any man—but insult me, an' I gets desperate angry."

"Ye're wrong, right there, b'y," said the other. "Ye don't know a joke from a insult. If they didn't eat yer duffs, sure they'd be insultin' ye; but as they do eat 'em then the way they acts be nought but harmless jokin'. They must have their joke, cook, to help pass the time. D'ye expect the poor men to play cribbage all the day an' all the

A Sense of Humor

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by WILLIAM CAFFREY



"What were you doing last night?" inquired the skipper. "Nothin', sir," replied the cook. The mate stood by and gazed innocently at the unfortunate man

night? An' the better they enjoys their jokes the better they'll treat ye at the end. Last v'yage, Mike Cormey was cook—an' he all but died, he was that vexed with them two jokers; but when we got home didn't they up and give him ten dollars out o' their own pockets."

own pockets."
"Ten dollars!" exclaimed the cook.

"Bos'n, it do surely be worth twenty, to have the very wits o' ye driven out o' yer skull!"

"Ye sets a pretty high tally on yer wits, cook," replied the boatswain.
As the skipper did not "stand" a watch, he and the mate were able to take all their meals together. The skipper had com-

manded the Sunbeam for six years; and Kelly had sailed with him, as mate, on three previous voyages. They knew each other's ways and character and were very good friends. The simplest sort of humor amused them both immensely, and their taste in incress was identical. jokes was identical.

jokes was identical.

The cook was their favorite target, and nothing was too clumsy or extravagant for one to let fly at him and the other to applaud. He was beginning to get hardened to it when, for two whole days, neither the skipper nor the mate laughed once at his expense.

skipper nor the mate laughed once at his expense.

True, those two days were enough to sober the most light-hearted mariners, for during that period the barkentine fled from her course in the clutch of a gale of wind. On the second night, the royal and topgallant yards broke clear of the fore-topmast and fell to the deck, just forward of the galley, with a terrific crash and clatter. No one was hurt and but little damage was done, however; and, by dawn, the fury of the gale had greatly abated.

WHEN the boatswain looked into the gal-

WHEN the boatswain looked into the galley, before breakfast, he remarked to the cook that the Sunbeam had been blown several hundreds of miles out of her course. "I be almighty glad to hear ye say so," replied the cook. "'I will give 'em somethin' to think on but makin' a fool o' me. I 'as had two days o' rest—an' I'm thinkin' I'll maybe have a couple o' days more. What with half the riggin' blowed away an' all the good time lost they'll not feel like jokin'."
"Cook, ye be ignorant o' the skipper's true nater," replied the boatswain, "if ye think a breath o' trouble like this here be agoin' to turn him from his fun, Lad, if he was to fall overboard plunk into a shark's

was to fall overboard plunk into a shark's mouth he'd be crackin' a joke on it afore it swallowed him."

mouth he'd be crackin' a joke on it afore it swallowed him."

"Aye, somethin' would be crackin', I haven't a doubt," retorted the cook.

"Now don't be gettin' too courageous, cook," warned the boatswain, somewhat nettled by the other's levity. "Hark! Aye, 'tis just what I was expectin'. There he be on the poop, abawlin' for ye to lay aft."

The cook groaned and shuffled reluctantly from the galley. Both watches were on deck, trying to look as if occupied with their own thoughts but every man with his ears slanted aft. On the break of the high poop-deck stood the skipper and Mr. Kelly.

When the cook was amidships, the skipper halted him with a languid gesture of the hand. "Cook," said he, in a calm, clear

voice, "when will ye learn that there is a

voice, "when will ye learn that there is a proper time for everything?"

The cook, looking very uncomfortable, rubbed some dry dough off his left wrist and maintained a discreet silence.

"I want ye to learn that lesson, cook," continued the skipper, in a voice that was both sad and gentle, and yet perfectly audible from the wheel to the bowsprit. "Day is the time for work an' noise, an' night is the time for rest an' quiet. Ye have fourteen hours in which to rampage round yer galley, hammering down your duffs an' armor-plating your pies; and when night comes, I want ye to make everything fast an' go to yer berth."

"I never works at night, sir," cried the cook.

cook.

"What were you doing last night?"

"Nothin', sir."

"Then ye must be more careful to leave everything in the galley ship-shape, before ye turn in," said the skipper. "Make all your dainties fast to the deck, lad, so that we'll not have a repetition of last night's disturbance. Man alive, cook, the smash an' clatter that went on last night, round the galley, was enough to shatter the nerves of a Labrador pilot."

The cook was bewildered—so bewildered

galley, was enough to shatter the nerves of a Labrador pilot."

The cook was bewildered—so bewildered that he was entirely off his guard.

"That there racket had nought to do with me, sir," he replied. "Sure, 'twere two o' the yards tumblin' off the foremast."

"Oh, is that all," exclaimed the skipper.

"Well, Mr. Kelly an' I were wrong," he continued, "and I'm sorry to have troubled ye, cook. Ye see, when the crash an bang woke me up, first thing I thought was, "There goes some o' cook's stuff smashing around in the galley.' Well, I'm sorry to have troubled ye, cook, an' I'm glad it was nothing worse than what ye say."

That was by far the worst shot that the poor cook had ever received—and every man of both watches had heard it. He straightway became the laughing-stock of the whole ship, forward as well as aft—and so humiliating was the memory of that morning's ridicule that the daily passages of cabin wit that followed scarcely attracted his attention. Though neither the skipper nor Kelly realized that their rude joking had affected him at all seriously, the poor man winto the habit of living awake hour after affected him at all seriously, the poor man got into the habit of lying awake hour after hour in his lonely berth, brooding over his

"They've made a fool o' me," he would mutter. "I was never ashamed o' meself afore, an' now I feels like a dog. But 'twill end when the anchor goes down. Aye, 'twill end then, though I never sees me own little harbor again."

AT last the Sunbeam reached that Brazilian port for which her cargo of "fish" was intended. "Shore leave" was forbidden the crew, for the city was full of mixed races, and the climate was considered unhealthful for men of northern blood. The cook, however,

OU have never told us what became

The cook stepped forward and peered round the corner; and there, by the dim light of a gas lamp projecting from the wall of a warehouse, he saw one man defending himself against three

with escape from ridicule just over the rail, cared not a snap of the fingers for the skipper's order or for the dangers of the strange city. On the night of their third day in port he went quietly to his berth and made up a small bundle of clothing. He wrote a note, requesting the skipper to hand over his wages to his mother, and put it in his seaman's chest. Then, stealing back to the galley, he stuffed a small bag with fragments of food taken quickly and without discrimination from pots and pans—half of a cold duff, a chunk of boiled beef with a bone in it, a piece of dried-apple pie, and a slab of gingerbread.

The night was dark and murky. Noiseless as a shadow, the cook moved across the deck, over the rail and into the unknown.

For half an hour, the cook wandered aimlessly along narrow, misleading streets, with his change of clothing under his left arm and the bag of provisions in his right hand. He was looking for quiet lodgings for the night, but could find no signs of what he wanted. He soon felt tired and unpleasantly warm.

He halted and tried to work out the points

He halted and tried to work out the points He halted and tried to work out the points of the compass; and while he was thus employed a sudden shout of dismay, a scuffling of boots and the quick play of naked feet sounded close on the right, from the mouth of a narrow side street.

He stepped forward and peered round the corner; and there, by the dim light of a gas lamp projecting from the wall of a warehouse, he saw one man defending himself against three. The single fighter was armed

with a stick, with which he laid about him

with a stick, with which he laid about him with more vigor than skill.

The cook moved cautiously round the corner and advanced tcward the struggle. By a chance of the fight, the face of the man with the stick was turned full upon him, and it was the face of the skipper!

Without a moment's hesitation he sprang forward, swung the bag of food up and back and gave vent to a bellow of indignation as he brought it down upon the head of one of the rufhans. The fellow went down to the payement without a murmur, and the other pavement without a murmur, and the other two fled into the darkress.

two fled into the darkress.

"Ye'll have to lend a hand here," said the skipper, faintly. "One o' those pirates got his knife into me."

The cook dropped his bag of food, stepped close and put his arm around his commander's shoulders.

"I'll lend ye a hand, sir," he said.
"Why, 'tis you, cook," murmured the skipper. skipper.
"Aye, sir. Will I tote ye along to a doctor?"

"No, lad. Take me aboard. I can walk if ye hold on to me."

Next morning, the cook set to work in the galley as if he had never contemplated any other scene of activity. Since the incident of the night before, all dread of the skipper's fooling had faded away. He felt that a man who owes you his life cannot make you feel like yery much of a fool, no matter how hard like very much of a fool, no matter how hard

who owes you his hie cambit hazke you teethike very much of a fool, no matter how hard he may try.

"I don't mind his little jokes now, poor fellow. Sure, he'd be a dead man this minute but for me," he muttered.

Before breakfast time, Mr. Kelly looked in at the galley door.

"Will ye come aft, cook. The skipper wants a word with ye," he said, politely.

The cook followed him aft, without a tremor. He knew his own value and felt that no amount of ridicule could again make him ache with that nameless and unreasoning sense of foolishness. They found the skipper in his berth off the inner cabin, looking very pale in the face but remarkably pleasant.

"Cook," said he, "ye happened along just in the nick o' time last night. Those robbers an' cut-throats waited for me outside the club and followed me like shadows when I started out to come aboard. I show too much watch chain when I tog meself up, an' that's foot.

started out to come aboard. I show too much watch chain when I tog meself up, an' that's a fact. I'd be a dead man now, cook, if it wasn't for you—so I'll not ask what ye were doin' ashore."

"Thank 'e, sir," said the cook, calmly.
"But will ye tell me what it was ye hit him with," asked the skipper.

"A bag," replied the other.
"Well, cook, by the way he went down, I'd swear ye had the bag full o' scrap iron—or maybe some samples o' yer own cookin'," said the skipper.

said the skipper.

For a moment there was silence—and then the cook broke into a husky roar of laughter.

the cook broke into a husky roar of laughter. The skipper and the mate looked and listened with expressions of pleased surprise on their faces.

"Mr. Kelly, we've taught him humor," said the skipper, "an' no man can do another a better turn than that—except, maybe, save his life."

"Aye, sir, it be a grand thing," said the mate.

"Aye, sir, it be a grand thing," said the mate.

"So we'll leave him be, after this," continued the skipper. "He's as good a cook as ever I sailed with, anyhow."

The cook continued to chuckle, still occupied with the great joke. If they only knew that the skipper was right—that, for a fact, the would-be murderer had gone down under the weight of duff and piel But their ignorance was half the joke. So he chuckled and snorted, quite forgetting where he was and that breakfast waited in the galley.

"By George, I think all the jokes be astrikin' him at once!" exclaimed Mr. Kelly. But the skipper, now gazing at the cook with a look of gentle envy and inquiry in his eyes, shook his head.

"I am afraid he's got a joke all to himself," he said.

"You know the country round here, and I

"You know the country round here, and I don't."
Addison, however, had no desire to have anything further to do with those clocks; so I went out with Gage and drove the horse. Not deeming it advisable to attempt sales very near our old farm, where many of the people knew about the clocks, we drove over that any adjoining town before calling any

of all those clocks, the eighty-four mantel clocks you young folks discovered put away in a closet up in the attic at the Old Squire's place," a lady reader of The Companion has lately written to remind me. "The Old Squire had received them from a clock maker for a debt or something," her letter goes on. "He thought he could sell them, but found he couldn't and so put them away up-attic. After you found them Addison and Ellen wound them all up and set them to striking one Thanksgiving Day while you were at dinner! Addison afterwards bought them of Grandmother Ruth for about a dollar apiece. He thought he could sell them and make money. So he varnished and oiled them up and started out with a pung load of them to sell. You promised to tell us how he came out with them, but never have."

Well, he didn't "come out" at all. He had no better success peddling clocks than the Old Squire had, years before. He drove round a week and sold only six clocks, not enough to pay his expenses on the road. For some reason the clocks did not sell well, perhaps because our family is lacking in skill or tact as peddlers. Addison came home discouraged and disgruntled and put the entire seventy-eight clocks that were left back up in the attic. He was so disgusted he said he hated to look at a clock even to see what time it was.

The clocks remained up there for five years more. Addison round.

The clocks remained up there for five years more. Addison would never so much as go up to look at them again. But at last there

Came Over in the Mayflower

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL

came along a young fellow who had a gift for selling clocks, or at least for trading them off. His name was Gage,—Lucius Gordon Gage,—and he arrived at the old farm with Addison when the latter came home on his summer vacation the second year after he went to Cambridge to study. Addison told us he was connected in some capacity with the Harvard Museum, and that he had an uncle who dealt in antique furniture and had shops for the sale of curios in Boston and in Philadelphia. Addison had known "Gordy" Gage, as he called him, for some time, and it appears he had told him of his losing speculation in clocks. Gage thought he could dispose of the clocks and so by Addison's invitation came down to Maine to see them, for at this time Ad was very de-Addison's invitation came down to Maine to see them, for at this time Ad was very desirous of extricating for his school expenses the money he had put into those clocks.

I shall not soon forget the impression that young Gage made on us all at the Old Squire's. He was then about nineteen and well serving and leaking heing rather tall and well.

ory good looking, being rather tall and well formed, with abundant black hair and black eyes. But it was his quick, bright ways, genial conversation and his merry laugh that particularly impressed us in his favor. He

talked a great deal, but talked well, and was constantly telling laughable stories. We all liked him immensely from the first moment he came into the house, especially Theodora and Ellen.

The next morning he went with Addison to the attic and looked the clocks over. "I think I can sell them," Gage said, laughing. "At any rate I will give you a dollar apiece for what I can dispose of."

Addison was only too glad to get that or any other price. "But I warn you, Gage, they don't sell well," he said. "I drove all over this county with them and couldn't sell enough to pay my board."

Gage said he wanted to try it. In reality he had another project in mind, of which he said nothing to anyone at first.

"We can furnish you with a team to drive out with," Addison said. "But you will need a large, covered cart to take all those clocks round in."

"Oh, no," Gage replied. "I shall take out only six at a time. Inst a box in the

"Oh, no," Gage replied. "I shall take out only six at a time. Just a box in the

back of a light express wagon is all the cart I We hitched up a horse for him. "I want you to go with me," he said to Addison.

table?"
The woman backed away indoors, and Gage followed her with the clock; but the door remained open, and I could still overhear parts of the conversation. He was now showing her the clock, extolling the works, declaring they would run for a lifetime. Presently she asked the price. Addison had sold them for four dollars, but to my astonishment Gage asked ten.

Gage asked ten.

The woman remarked that the price

people knew about the clocks, we drove over into an adjoining town before calling any-where. Here a prosperous-looking farm-house impressed Gage favorably as a place to make a start; and while I sat in the wagon and held the horse he took one of the clocks on his arm and went to the door. A middle-aged woman appeared in response to his knock.

"Good morning, lady," Gordy accosted her. "I hope you'll pardon me for calling at this time of day. I'm a student, working my way at school, and I have a few very nice, well-made clocks." With this he shifted the clock wearily on his arm. "It makes my arm ache," he explained. "My health isn't very good. I've studied hard, and I'm not very strong this summer. Would you allow me to step inside a moment and rest it on your table?"

seemed high, and finally with apparent great reluctance Gage offered to take off a dollar. "I oughtn't to," he said plaintively. "But I need to raise money badly for my school

receive to take money bady for my school expenses."

The woman said she thought she wouldn't buy. "We have an old family clock," she added. "It is one my husband's folks had seventy years ago. It still keeps pretty good time."

"Very well," Gate replied politely. "That is all right. I don't blame you. My lolks had one of those long, old clocks. It stood in the corner of the room. When I was a child I used to look up at the face of it and thought it was fifty feet tall. I wonder if yours is like ours. Would you mind letting me see yours?"

The woman took him to an interior sitting-room where I could no longer hear what passed. They talked a long while, and it appears that after looking the old clock over and finding it somewhat dilapidated Gordy offered to trade his new mantel clock for it.

FOR that was what he was after all the time, though he told no one, not even our folks at the Old Squire's. But he had learned that recently among the newly rich there had come to be a profitable market for tall, old grandfather clocks. The old-furniture dealers were charging leve spices for them and were were charging large prices for them and were quietly buying them up at old homesteads in the country. That in fact was what had brought him down to Maine with Addison.

brought him down to Maine with Addison. The idea of getting a new mantel clock that would run eight days for their old one noticeably pleased the woman, who knew nothing of this later demand for old clocks. But she was shrewd in her way and stood out for two new mantel clocks, one for her kitchen and one for her sitting-room, in exchange for her old one. For some time Gage seemed to be shedding tears over her hard-heartedness, but finally he agreed to it. Then a hitch occurred. The woman said she must ask her husband and went out to the fields to fetch him, while Gordy—no longer in tears—came smiling forth to the wagon for the second clock.

There was some further chaffering after

the second clock.

There was some further chaffering after the farmer appeared, but the exchange was presently accomplished. The pendulum and weights were removed from the old clock. We did it up in newspapers and gunny sacks and then, bringing it forth feet first, laid it prone in the back of the wagon, from which it transacted nearly them fort.

prone in the back of the wagon, from which it projected nearly three feet.

Gage, I recollect, kept a very sober, not to say sad, face till after we had said good-by and driven away. Then he doubled up on the wagon seat and laughed. But at the time I confess that I thought he had been overgeached.

We drove on to another farmhouse, but We drove on to another farmhouse, but here the folks had no grandfather clock—a fact that Gordy contrived to learn very soon after entering the house. He wasted very little time there in efforts to sell his small ones; and we drove on in quest of larger

About noon we discovered a second very old clock at a little unpainted farmhouse up a long lane from the highway. An old couple, evidently poor people, lived here; but they appeared to cherish an affection for their clock. Gage was compelled to use all his persuasive powers to induce them to part with it. Finally he offered them three of his new clocks for their old one. "This is a great offer for you," he said to them. "You can sell two of these fine new clocks to your neighbors or your friends for ten dollars apiece and still have a handsome eight-day clock for your own use."

This lucrative prospect they were unable to resist. Gordy got the old clock, though tears were in the aged woman's eyes as we drove off with it. She said that they had had it fifty-six years, and that she had missed wind-ing it only two days in all that time. It had a mahogany case and looked to be a hundred years old. Gordy was greatly elated at secur-

ing it.

This was the extent of our success that day, and we drove home with the two old clocks, their feet, so to speak, sticking out at the back of the wagon. Our folks, I remember, were considerably surprised and a good deal amused.

"Why, Gage, my boy, you don't seem to have taken in much cash," the Old Squire eard laughing

said, laughing.

"No, no money," he replied, "but I've got something better."

got something better."

That night after we had gone up stairs I described our trip in detail to Addison. At the time I was much inclined to admire Gage. "He's a smart one," I said. "He's the cutest salesman I ever saw. He can sell anything he starts out with."

Addison sat regarding me a little queerly for several moments. "If I were in your place, I wouldn't be too much carried away with him," he remarked at length.

I thought for a while that Addison was a little jealous of Gage's success in trading off clocks, it was so much better than his own.

GAGE was with us for a fortnight or more and made six or seven other trips round about in the country, trading for grandfather clocks. In one way or another he picked up eleven, some of them "old settlers." He drew them home one by one and stood them all up in a row round the long

them off, in different localities and to different buyers, each as the veritable old clock that came over in the Mayflower—a great prize of course for those sometimes credulous

prize of course for those sometimes credulous purchasers of antique articles.

This, it will be remembered, was fifty years ago, when the craze for possessing a grandfather clock had just started, and the public generally was less sophisticated about antiques than at present. Addison, who was still at Cambridge, afterwards told us all about Gage's performances with old clocks.

At their old furniture shop in Philadelphia they had a good model near at hand. There was then, and probably now is, a public li-

Gage and I did the old clock up in newspapers and gunny sacks, and then, bringing it forth feet first, we laid it prone in the back of the wagon

hall beyond the sitting-room. It was quite a sight—quite a sound too—when Gage wound them up and set them solemnly tick-tocking and ding-donging together. Several of them wouldn't strike or go long at a time. Some of their old faces were pathetically haggard. One had the following stanza, written on a card and tacked under its "chin":

I am old and worn, as my face appears,
For I've walked on Time for a hundred years.
Many have fallen since I begun,
Many will fall ere my race is run.
I have buried the world with its joys and
fears

In my long, lone march of a hundred years.

When Gordy left us he took his eleven old clocks with him, carefully packed and boxed; and he also took all of Addison's clocks, at a dollar apiece. His intention was—so he told us—to dicker by means of them for other grandfather clocks in other localities of New England. It appeared that he and his uncle England. It appeared that he and his uncle had a kind of workshop in the rear of their sales shop in Boston, where they "touched up" and "finished off" old furniture.

up" and "hnished off" old furniture.

In the matter of these old clocks they had a characteristic scheme in view. It is a tradition, I am told, that some one of the Pilgrim Fathers on the Mayflower brought over a clock from England along with other quaint articles of household furniture. There may have been more than one clock, or there may not have been any; I have no means of knowing certainly as to this. But it has been claimed that there was a long clock, and the scheme of these sharp dealers was to "touch up" their old clocks and pass

brary near Broad Street, known as the Spruce Street Library, and in the reading-room stood a very old clock, said to have been once the property of Oliver Cromwell. From this historic time-keeper many hints were derived. The old clocks that Gordy dickered for in Maine had nearly all been the work of a certain clockmaker over in New Hampshire, and were none of them more than a hundred years old—too modern altogether for the Mayflower. Gordy and his uncle therefore set to work to make them look more ancient by dinting, staining and otherwise defacing them. They took out rails and screws replacing them with older. nails and screws, replacing them with older ones with antique heads made in England three centuries ago, and so fixed up a clock

three centuries ago, and so fixed up a clock of wonderfully venerable appearance.

Then when a seeker of old furniture appeared in their shops, one who seemed to have plenty of money and not too much intelligence, he was impressively invited to go to the rear of the place to see a remarkable heirloom that by a strange succession of events had recently come into the firm's possession—namely the one and only old English clock that had come over in the Mayflower!

The price was made to fit the age and hallowed associations of the relic and also the gullibility of the purchaser. Seven and eight hundred dollars were sometimes realized for one of those old clocks which had cost Gordy

hundred dollars were sometimes realized for one of those old clocks which had cost Gordy no more than two dollars! Addison was not able to learn how many of the clocks that "came over in the Mayflower" they were able to work off on the public. He thinks they may have sold as many as twenty.

But all such business has its drawbacks nd is subject to sudden vicissitudes. Two of their scattered customers accidently got to gether and compared notes. Exposure came suddenly and took so violent a form that Gordy and his precious uncle were obliged to go out of business in extreme haste.

HE next we heard of Gordy was in 1887, when he had become promoter and traveling agent for a Florida land company. This was at a time when something of a craze was abroad for investing in orange groves. Gorabroad for investing in orange groves. Gordy's company had acquired possession of an extensive tract of Florida land, largely sandy and marshy and cut up by lagoons. It was surveyed, however, and divided into lots of fifty and a hundred acres. Grandiose prospectuses with wonderful pictures and testimonials were printed and circulated broadcast, and Gordy was traveling throughout he North, selling these prospective orange farms for twenty dollars an acre. Many incautious buyers discovered on journeying southward that their new farms consisted of little save deep, muddy pools that would never produce anything but alligators!

When next Addison learned as to Gordy's whereabouts he was under arrest and await-

whereabouts he was under arrest and awaiting trial on a charge of swindling by means of bogus notes, an ingenious piece of rascality of which, I believe, Gordy was the inventor. This was in 1889. The trick has been occasionally attempted since, but I never heard of it previous to Gordy's time.

His method of procedure was to journey to some village in the country where there was a national bank patronized by the farmers of the vicinity. Usually he spent a number of days learning all he could as to the people and their business ways. Then, calling on a farmer—let us call him Baxter—who was also an orchardist, he introduced himself as one of the creditors of the Beckwith Nursery Company of New York State, which had recently failed. "We are selling out their stock for just what we can get for it." he said. "They have fifty thousand young apple trees all ready for setting out—Baldwins, American Beauties, King of Tompkins and other fine varieties. I can make you a most remarkable offer. For twenty dollars we will send you three hundred and fifty young trees of this bankrupt stock, such trees as were sold for a dollar each. You need not pay till the trees come, and you can see for yourself that they are just as I represent them."

Naturally a farmer who wished to set out a young orchard would be interested in such an offer as that.

"I shall ask you to sign an agreement," Gordy said, "just to show that we have done."

"I shall ask you to sign an agreement,"
Gordy said, "just to show that we have done
business. But you need pay no money till

business. But you need pay no money till you get your trees."

This looked wholly fair. Gordy then wrote out an apparently harmless and businesslike form of note, whereby the purchaser promised to pay, ninety days from date, \$20.00 for fruit trees valued at \$350.00. It is true that the purchaser should have been upon his guard, as such "bargains" are seldom if ever to be secured when a man is dealing with strangers. Nevertheless, Gordy found plenty of customers.

Gordy then took these notes, cut them in

plenty of customers.

Gordy then took these notes, cut them in half with scissors, and so changed them into promises to pay \$350.00. Moreover, there remained no mention whatever of the fruit trees—the document became, after Gordy's crooked work was done, an ordinary ninety-day note for \$350.00. I do not need to explain this crude swindle in detail; it would not work nowadays, when even school children are taught how properly to make out business papers. But it served Gordy's turn in those days. Gordy passed off the notes at various banks and disappeared from the scene.

In different parts of the country, and under several different names, Gordy operated after this fashion for several years. But at last one of his victims, more gritty and more revengeful than the others, set detectives on

last one of his victims, more gritty and more revengeful than the others, set detectives on his track. Like every other swindler, he was run down, arrested, and brought into court, where his whole career was shown up in a highly damaging light. A long term in the penitentiary was given him. Even then, by completely reforming himself, he might have made something of the remaining years of his life. But he was rebellious. He escaped from his cell one night, scaled the wall of the inclosure, and fell from the top of it. That finished him. inclosure, and finished him.

To this wretched end came our genial, To this wretched end came our genial, bright and popular Gordy Gage, the guest I once admired so much at the Old Squire's. I have often thought since of what Addison said to me that night upstairs: "If I were in your place, I wouldn't be too much carried away with him."

The Choice of a Profession

II. Banking

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.



The banker is often looked up to as a leader in his community. His power to give or to withhold money often determines success or failure

Y forty-five years of business experience convince me that most men are following a business or career into which they were led by accident, pressure or opportunity, and that only

into which they were led by accident, pressure or opportunity, and that only a minority are engaged in pursuits which they deliberately chose in youth, and for which they specially prepared themselves. There are, of course, many cases in which a young man either has a special inclination for a certain line of work or has an unmistakable opportunity to take up his father's business or profession. Even then, he may eventually drift into something else. In the great majority of cases, however, there is no decided bent or proclivity, or, if there is, it does not fit in with circumstances. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but a few will suffice.

A young man may desire to follow a profession, but the family circumstances may preclude the expenditure of the time and money needed for preparation. He may start as a physician, and be attracted by some special line of research or scientific investigation. He may start as a lawyer, and be induced to go into business with a client. He may start as a minister, and become a lecturer or writer. I know one man who spent many years in taking highly-specialized engineering courses at two different colleges, and then went into the bond business. I know another who prepared himself for the bar, and is in the cotton business; another who spent many years in banking, and is now president of an insurance company. The late George W. Perkins did the reverse. After great success in theinsurance business, he became a partner in the Morgan firm.

Be Sure to Choose Congenial Work Be Sure to Choose Congenial Work
Then there are the numerous cases where
accident—or at least something other than
his own preference—dictates his choice of
work. A relative or friend may offer a chance
too good to be turned down. He may find
himself in a dying business, such as corset or
harness making, and realize the necessity
of getting into something that is more alive.
A scientific or mechanical discovery may
suggest a better opportunity. Family ownership of a tract of land capable of division and
sale as building lots may project him into
the real-estate or building business. His
success in one business may lead some large
firm or corporation to offer him an irresistibly attractive opening in some totally ibly attractive opening in some totally different business. His failure in one business may convince him that he has mistaken his vocation, and that his capabilities may be vocation, and that his capabilities may be better employed in some other business. But I must not dwell upon these accidents and chances of business. That is not what the Editor of The Youth's Companion asked me to write about. He has asked me to write about banking as a business.

Before I come to that, however, I must say a few words applicable to the choice of any business or profession, whatever it may be. I shall not attempt to suggest what is the easiest or most lucrative business. That

be. I shall not attempt to suggest what is the easiest or most lucrative business. That may be left to the various "schools" and "institutes" whose advertisements are to be found in almost any periodical. When a young man has any choice at all open to him, I would advise him to choose work that will be congenial; that will leave him the largest possible measure of social, political, and religious independence; and that will add to the sum total of human happiness and comfort. The advantages of congeniality are too obvious to require elaboration. The man who is in an uncongenial business is a mere wage-slave, traveling through life on an endless tread-mill from which death is a welcome relief, while the man who likes his work and its opportunities has a never-ending interest and pleasure in life.

Few young men, I think, realize how great is the temptation to sacrifice independence in action and expression to success in business. There are not only the things that he must say or do, but also the things that he must not say or do. The minister runs a dangerous risk if he offends his vestrymen or deacons. The editor or reporter must not—on most papers—offend large advertisers or the friends of the publisher. The contractor or public-utility operator must not offend the political leaders; the merchant or manufacturer, his customers; the lawyer, his the political leaders; the merchant or manufacturer, his customers; the lawyer, his clients; the banker, his depositors; the agent, his principals; the teacher, his trustees. This "muzzling" or suppression is of varying degrees, and some writers, such as George Bernard Shaw or Upton Sinclair, thrive by flouting it; and independence in politics, where "irregularity" is commonly regarded

as a mortal sin, has been the distinguishing characteristic of such successful public men as Senator Norris of Nebraska and the late Senator La Follette of Wisconsin. But in almost every business or profession it is more or less in evidence. Many men refuse to submit to it, and prosper in spite of their independence, but it takes courage and tact to do it.

Success by Independence

Two illustrations of what I mean come to my mind. In one case a publisher of a daily paper was threatened with the loss of most of his department-store advertising unless ny mind. In one case a publisher of a daily paper was threatened with the loss of most of his department-store advertising unless his paper desisted from the support of an independent candidate for a local office. He replied: "Gentlemen, I value your patronage and should be sorry to lose it, but the price you ask me to pay is more than I can afford." In another case, the president of a large bank was threatened with the loss of the business of a large group of good customers unless he would abandon certain political activities, which he regarded as mere good citizenship. He replied: "Gentlemen, I am surprised that you should have come to me with such a proposition. If I were to accede, it would be proof that I am not the character of man to hold the position I do." I may add that in neither case was the threat carried out. Nevertheless, such incidents are trying, and it is desirable to get into a business where one may enjoy the largest possible measure of independence.

What I mean by a business that adds to the sum total of human happiness is this: There are some businesses that are positively harmful in their effects. There are others that are practically "neutral." There are still others that are necessary and useful, but simply keep humanity from retrograding. Finally, there are those that actually advance humanity. The inventors and the "captains of industry" who cheapen the necessities of life, who give us purer water, or better lighting, or improved means of communication, or labor-saving devices—all those who in the broadest and widest sense "make two blades of grass grow where one grew before." or who substitute roses for this desirable case of the substitute roses for the strength and the substitute roses for the substitute rose for the substitute roses for the sub

"make two blades of grass grow where one grew before," or who substitute roses for thistles in the path of life, must have a satisfac-tion that far transcends the material rewards.

After the Bank Closes

With this too lengthy introduction, I shall get down to my subject of banking as a business. I do not claim that banking is the best business. I do not advise all the readers of The Youth's Companion to go into it. That would be very foolish advice. If they

did not do it, it would be wasted advice. If they did, the business would soon be hopelessly overcrowded. Assuming, however, that the work is reasonably congenial, it offers certain distinct advantages. Don't go into it, let me suggest, on the theory that a banker's hours are ten to three. Those are the hours when the bank is open, but the banker's working hours are quite different. He has a lot of work to do before the bank opens, and a lot more after it closes.

Besides attending to his daily routine, he ought to do a great deal of studying on finance in general and on political economy. He must keep up on political events, on crop news, on building construction, and on railroad earnings.

While not absolutely independent, he has a large measure of independence, because he

while not absolutely independent, he has a large measure of independence, because he is more of a lender than a borrower, more of a buyer than a seller. Of course, the popular idea that he is a bloated plutocrat, who sits on top of a money bag and says "Yes" to one and "No" to another, as he pleases, is a delusion. He has to attract customers. He has to be polite to persons whom he may dis-like. He has to make concessions.

What the Bank Sells

What the Bank Sells

His first business is to get deposits for his
bank. Without them, he is in the same position as a doctor without patients, or a
lawyer without clients. Deposits are the
material with which he works. The capital of
a bank is chiefly a sum paid in by stockholders as a guaranty fund to assure prospective depositors that their deposits will be
safe. Lending out the deposits is the way the
bank makes the money that enables it to
pay dividends to the stockholders. If it had
no deposits, the interest earned on the loaning of capital would not ordinarily meet the
salaries and expenses. So far, therefore, as

no deposits, the interest earned on the loaning of capital would not ordinarily meet the salaries and expenses. So far, therefore, as this getting of deposits is concerned, the banker is in the position of a "seller," one who seeks to attract—a supplicant, if you will. But once he has attracted a good volume of deposits, and established for himself and his bank a reputation that is likely to attract additional deposits, he is in a more independent position than most business men. Not wholly independent yet. A large depositor may leave "unless—" A good customer may be secured "if—"

Conducted in a merely routine, cut-and-dried way, the banker's business is of very limited value to his community, and may even be a positive detriment. Conducted on broad lines, with appreciation of its responsibilities and powers, it may be, and often is, of tremendous value.

In his choice of associates he should consider their character, and their position in the community, as well as their congen-

in the community, as well as their congeniality.

The banker may help the home-seeker and at the same time discourage real-estate speculation. To the farmer's practical knowledge of how to raise crops, he may add his own knowledge of what crops had best be raised in view of market conditions. He may help the struggling young merchant or manufacturer and caution the optimistic against over-expansion. He may assist in the development of existing industries or coöperate in securing the establishment of new ones. He may be very helpful to the inexperienced in the selection of investments. He is often looked up to as a leader in his community and may be a tower of ments. He is often looked up to as a leader in his community and may be a tower of strength in such social or charitable movements as lyceums, libraries, schools or community funds. His power to give or to withhold money—either his own or that of his bank—often determines success or failure.

Responsibilities

But power and responsibility are always associated. The banker's responsibilities are associated. The banker's responsibilities are very great—not as great as those of the minister, who deals with immortal souls, or of the doctor, who deals with human lives, or of the lawyer, who deals with the inalienable right of human liberty, but probably greater than those of any other business man. These responsibilities often conflict. He invites the public to deposit with him the hard-earned wages of the laboring man or woman, the scanty subsistence of the widowed and orphaned, the current capital of the merchant or manufacturer, the returns

or woman, the scanty subsistence of the widowed and orphaned, the current capital of the merchant or manufacturer, the returns of the farmer's year of toil, the minister's dole, the teacher's pittance. He agrees to return all these on demand or notice. He must employ them temporarily. It is understood that he shall, but he must always be sure that his loans and investments are in such condition that all conceivable demands of his depositors shall be met instantly.

His next duty is to his stockholders. They established the bank, not as a philanthropy or as a means of community development, but to earn good returns on the money they paid in as its capital. He is their paid agent or employee. He must see that the overhead expenses are not more than are necessary. He must be alert to increase and develop the business. He must loan out or invest the loanable funds, keeping them continuously and profitably employed, but he must make no loan or investment that will involve any loss that human foresight could have anticipated. Losses there will be,—no business can be conducted without them,—but they must be small, and few and far between. His anxiety to get new customers by extending liberal lines of credit, and his sense of responanxiety to get new customers by extending liberal lines of credit, and his sense of respon-sibility for community development, must always be controlled and held in check by those prior and higher duties to depositors and stockholders.

Desirable Qualities in a Banker

Desirable Qualities in a Banker
As I read over what I have written it occurs to me that I may be charged with having given a counsel of perfection—that the average reader may say, "I don't want to get into a business that involves all that work, study and responsibility." But its compensations, both material and spiritual, are very great. The higher officers of successful banks are generally very well paid. They deal in an interesting commodity—money. Their stock in trade never goes out of fashion. The Treasury Department is considering a change in the size and style of our currency, but if this is done the bankers will not be left with an obsolete and unsalable stock on hand.

He has the interesting experience of coming into contact with all sorts, classes and conditions of people. He exerts a great influence in his community. He is probably an object of envy—much more so than he would be if his trials and tribulations were better understood. To be successful, he must cultivate certain qualities which are always admirable. He must be gracious, but—on occasion—firm. He must be liberal, but not prodigal. He must exhibit and enforce high standards of rectitude. He must be wise, but not pedantic. He must be live in himself, his bank, his community and his country, but he must not be an unreasoning optimist. He must be patient. He must self, his bank, his community and his country, but he must not be an unreasoning optimist. He must be patient. He must "watch his step," but he must never let the trees obscure his vision of the forest.

All these things are not true of all bankers, but the ethics of the business are high, its practice develops good qualities, and its rewards are adequate.

69th Weekly \$5 Award



UNUSUAL skill in the construction of models, not of ships or cranes or automobiles, but of architectural subjects, brings this week's \$5.00 Award to Member Wallace Brown (12) of Mt. Hermon, Calif.

The model shown above as Fig. 1 Member Brown made of soft modeling clay. The other, Fig. 2, is made of more intractable materials, cement and pebbles. It is the castle which is made of clay put into bricks.

The cement model, which is mounted on a piece of sandstone, is designed as a garden ornament. The arched doorway visible is an entrance to the house; the square doorway leads into a courtyard. The roof is of gray clay molded into shingles. The roof of the tower is likewise of clay, which, although soft, is very durable and stands rain and sun.

Member Brown is to be congratulated for unusual skill in an unusual field of activity. He has been able to construct designs excellent for the type of ornamentation which he desires. His photographs were made with the use of a portrait lens and are a good example of how successful this convenient accessory to picture-taking can function when properly used.



Spring is on the way! Make your plans for a glorious summer on the water!

Summer on the water!

Water!

HEN, for the first time in history, a 15-foot boat is designed by a great naval architect, manufactured in knockdown form by a responsible boat-builder and offered at lowest prices to encourage nation-wide interest in boat-building and boat-handling, some very interesting things are sure to happen.

The A.B.C. class boat Buccaneer was first announced on July 15, 1926. Previously, the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston had built the first of these boats. Never has the Lab put out, nor will it ever put out, an untested project. The first boat proved so fast and safe under sail, and so speedy under a Johnson outboard motor, that arrangements were made with the Brooks Boat Company of Saginaw, Mich., to make these boats available to all boys and their fathers and families. The principles of "mass production" were applied by the Brooks Boat Company; thus shaving down the costs in every particular. The designer, Mr. John G. Alden, although busy with his large production of yachts, has made constant improvements and refinements in the rigging and lines of this little boat, which will, perhaps, go down in yachting history as his finest contribution to boat loverseverywhere.

hape, go down in yachting history as his finest contribution to boat lovers everywhere. The first six orders for these boats came from the states of New York, New Jersey,

Membership Coupon

The coupon below will bring you full information regarding Membership in the Y. C. Lab. It is a National Society for Ingenious Boys interested in any phase of electricity, mechanics, radio, engineering, model construction and the like. Election to Associate Membership makes any boy eligible for the Special, Weekly and Quarterly Awards of the society, entitles him to receive its bulletins and to ask any question concerning mechanical and construction matters in which he is interested, free of charge.

ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. I am a boy years of age, and am in-terested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature..... Address

THE Y. C. LAB

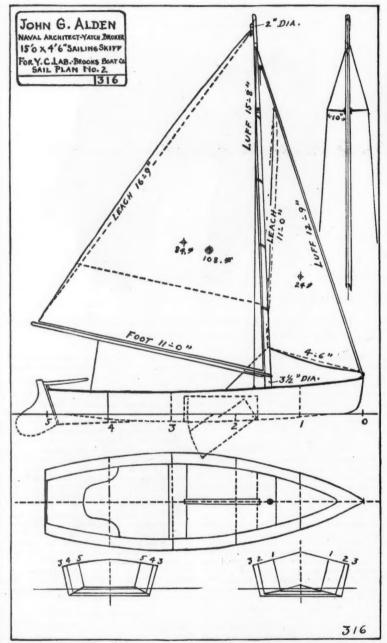
The National Society for Ingenious Boys

To secure this Mem-bership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below

Ahoy— You Buccaneers!



This seal on manu-factured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab



Illinois, Maine, and California, and from North Hatley, P. Q., Canada. Even to summarize later orders would be impossible on this page. One came from Shanghai, China, on the same day as one from Warren, R. I. Almost every state in the Union now boasts one or more A.B.C. boats. Mr. Robert W. Emmons, of America Cup defense fame, has given a cup to be sailed for at Boston on June 4, 1927. Other cups have been offered for competition elsewhere, and outboard motor races will be held.

The well-known yachting magazine Rudder says in its February issue:

"The idea is to appeal to boys with a small boat which they can sail on almost any sort of small lake or even on the more exposed waters of rivers and bays. John G. Alden, the famous Boston designer, has



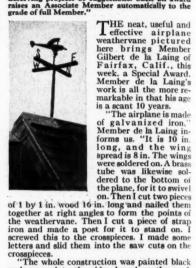
Fast, safe and able under sail



Preliminary test of A. B. C. boat last year with Johnson outboard motor

Special Cash Award

Extract from By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "At the ption of the Director, one or more Special Cash wards, not exceeding \$2.00, may be granted every eek to Members or Associate Members submitting serving projects or suggestions. Such an award lies an Associate Member automatically to the



efters and sud them into the saw cuts on the crosspieces.

"The whole construction was painted black and screwed to the ridge board on the roof. The tail of the airplane now swings in the direction in which the wind is blowing."

produced the little centerboard sailing skiff shown on this page. . . . With the centerboard raised, the draft is only a few inches, so it will not be necessary to leave the boat at a deep-water mooring. A few husky kids can pull her up on a float or shelving bank. The rig is a knockabout sloop with the mainsail jib-headed and a jib set from the forestay. . . . The addition of the jib may seem questionable in the minds of men who feel that a cat rig would have been simpler. But a thought in connection with the rig may have been the ease with which it may be quickly reduced. Douse the jib and she will still sail fairly well. Take in the mainsail and leave the jib up and you can run home in half a gale. . . The Brooks Boat Company has done its part by standardizing the design and bringing out the knockdown hull complete for \$38.75. . . Even if the youthful enthusiast cares more for motors than he does for sailing, the hull is quite useful with an outboard motor or may be rowed if desired."

The best way to own and use one of these boats is the competitive way. Build one and invite a friend to build one too. Then you will have competition both in construction and in handling. You can have regular races during the season.

Freight rates on the boat in knockdown

and in handling. You can nave regular races during the season.

Freight rates on the boat in knockdown form are very much lower than the rates on a finished boat. Delivery is made promptly. The knockdown parts come in a long crate, with complete instructions covering each step in the assembly and rigging of the boat.

Prices, f.o.b. Saginaw, Mich., are as follows: Knockdown Hull
1. Frames and planking, cut to and side frames, transom, gun-wales, breast hook, seat risings, seats, skeg, planking complete with built-in centerboard trunk, washboards and fenderwales, and two pairs of oarlock blocks) Hardware, including all nails, bolts and screws, non-corrosive...
3. Fittings, including oarlocks, stem band, rudder and tiller......
4. Black iron centerboard...... 4.50

Spars and Sails 1. Mast and boom, machined to 10.00

All prices are subject to revision without notice. Orders should be sent to Brooks Boat Company, Saginaw West Side, Mich., attention Mr. C. W. Forsyth. Correspondence about the boat may be addressed either to Mr. W. J. Pelon, Chief Engineer, Brooks Boat Company, Saginaw West Side, Mich., or to the Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

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ATLANTIC PUBLICATIONS EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

8 Arlington Street Boston, Massachusetts

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Mr. Peaslee Observes

By FRANK K. RICH

"I SEE," remarked Deacon Hyne with some curiosity, "that you've let that farm of yours over on the South Road; at least, I've seen Willis Grainger workin' there. I had an idea," he went on, "that Lloyd Bevins was goin' to get that place to work."

"What give you that notion?" Mr. Peaslee asked, politely enough.

"I heard somethin' of the kind down to the store," the deacon said. "I guess it was Bevins himself that said so. He said he'd been after you for four-five years to let him

the store," the deacon said. "I guess it was Bevins himself that said so. He said he'd been after you for four-five years to let him work it when you didn't want to carry it along yourself."

"He's been talkin' about it off and on 'bout that length of time," Caleb conceded.
"That part is fact. But I never had any notion of lettin' him have that place."

"Why not?" the deacon asked.

"I'll tell you all about it," Caleb assured him, "and when I git through my reasons'll be as plain to see as a calico hoss. Four years ago, or mebbe five, Bevins come breezin' up to me one day and let on I was too old to carry on two farms. 'What you'd better do,' he says, 'is to lease me that place over on the South Road; I c'n farm it easy with mine alongside of it."

"Wal, I didn't know but what he was right, but I don't like to be rushed into anything; so I jest told him that I wasn't ready to spare the ground just then.

"From then on I begun to notice Bevins's way of farmin' closer'n I ever did before—natural enough, if I was thinkin' of leasing a farm to him; and as long as Willis Grainger had a farm right next to Bevins I sort of got to pairin' their work off, one man against the other.

"The very fust summer Bevins and Grainger both planted p'taters. Bevins planted that field of his on the west aidge of his farm, and Grainger planted his on the east aidge of his place, so only a stone wall divided 'em. Thinks I; 'I'll watch now and

aidge of his place, so only a stone wall divided 'em. Thinks I; 'I'll watch now and see what I c'n see!'

"It looked like a dry season and a kind of

see what I c'n see!"

"It looked like a dry season and a kind of dubersome one for p'taters, anyway; so some folks didn't plant a gre't acreage. But Bevins planted a good big piece,—five acres, I sh'd say,—plowin' his rows up and down the hill. But when Grainger come to plow his, I saw he'd run the furrows along the hill, like a washboard, and I asked him what his idea was, doin' things that way.

"'Wal,' he says,' if we should have a scant rain when they git 'bout ready to blossom, and I have run 'em up and down hill, what water there is will jest foller the furrow down like a ditch; but this way the rows'll hold it till it soaks in, I cal'late, and the p'taters'll git the good of it.

"That one thing sized Grainger up to me as a thinkin' man; and the way he husbanded what rain fell was good to see. The rows did hold it, jest as he said; and he kep' 'em free from weeds and made the field yield him a good crop; and if Bevins got half a crop—that was about all.

"The next year I noticed the way the twen got their hay. It was ketchy, chancy

nim a good crop; and if Bevins got half a crop—that was about all.

"The next year I noticed the way the two men got their hay. It was ketchy, chancy weather the fust of the season, but Grainger, by takin' advantage of every glint of sun and workin' his hay over and over, got it all cured and into the barn b'fore Bevins hardly put a scythe into his, claimin' it was poor weather to make hay—which it was, but not too poor for a good worker to make it, as Grainger proved.

"Third year, it was p'taters again; I chanced to be over to Grainger's, and he was puttin' the fertilizer in—usin' more'n a ton to the acre, I found out. 'If I only use half a ton, same's most folks do,' he says,' I git mebbe half a crop; but if I use a ton, I git twice as many off the same ground. Now,' he says, 'you figger it out yourself; it's the

he says, 'you figger it out yourself; it's the same work to plant and hoe and dig five acres with half a ton; and another half ton'll

acres with half a ton; and another half ton'll give me twice as many p'taters, way I look at it.' He was right about it, of course. "So when it come this year and both he and Bevins were after me to lease that place I figgered it this way: if Bevins had the place for five years, it'd take the better part of what he paid me to git the farm back into shape when his lease was up. And if Grainger had it, I'd not only be the rent ahead but like 'nough it'd be in better tilth than it was when he took it. So I let it to Grainger. Plain 'nough, ain't it?"

The deacon seemed to ponder. "How many bushels did he git that dry year?" he asked.

"Four hundud and forty," Caleb returned.

"Four hundud and forty," Caleb returned.
"And Bevins got a hundud and seventy."



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If your hair is difficult to keep in place, or lacks natural gloss and lustre, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed boys.

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FACT AND COMMENT

FOOLISHNESS is the beginning of anger. Repentance is the end thereof.

"I NEVER HAVE ANY TROUBLE in meeting expenses," says the small-town philosopher. expenses," says the small-town philosopher. "In fact I meet them, as you might say, at every turn."

Some Agricultural Statistician predicts Some Agricultural Statistician predicts that the nation's spinach crop will be reduced this year from 8,000,000 bushels to 5,850,000 bushels. That may disturb some people, but we know of a good many who will think it nothing to make any complaint about.

VANITY CASES AND COSMETICS have been discovered by the excavators of Ur of the Chaldees, among ruins five thousand years old. The flapper is not so modern as she thinks herself. She is one of the oldest of Eve's daughters.

A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN, Mr. William T. Ellis, has been following the journeys of the Isrealites through the wilderness, in an automobile. His car throbbed at the foot of Sinai and replenished its radiator from the waters of the valley of Ain Guderat, which he believes to have been the ancient Kadesh-Barnea. The streams that fertilize this lovely valley easy in two springs from a great rock. Barnea. The streams that fertilize this lovely valley gush in two springs from a great rock, and it is at least possible that they are those waters of Meribah which first sprang into life under the touch of Moses' rod.

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES AND CENSORS

DECENT people all over the country are at last aroused by the way in which news at last aroused by the way in which news papers and magazines of a certain sort are abusing what they claim as their "right of free speech." Under that specious form of defense, these publications are spreading broadcast the most revolting and degrading particulars of crime and vice as they are revealed in court proceedings, and printing lease and suggestive stories, which cannot loose and suggestive stories, which cannot help having a demoralizing effect on those who read them, especially on those whose youth or inexperience makes them acutely

youth or inexperience makes them acutely susceptible to such influences. What is to be done about it? Naturally enough, some people are suggesting a rigid censorship of everything that is printed. That seems to many exasperated minds a quick and certain way to strike at the root of the evil. One of the tabloid newspapers, which like its fellows has been a frequent offender, admits its delinquency, but argues that competition for the pennies of the pruriently-minded will always be so keen among publishers that nothing except governmental control can check it. A member of Congress has introduced a bill establishing a national board of censors to which all magazines shall submit proofs of their pages before publicasubmit proofs of their pages before publica-

submit proofs of their pages before publica-tion.

Something of the sort may conceivably come, but only as a last, despairing resort. Censorship is always clumsy, expensive and irritating, and usually unintelligent and in-equitable when it is not perfunctory. It raises more questions than it settles, and it would lead in this case to continual disputes over what is and what is not permissible. Meanwhile public opinion ought to make it-self strongly felt. A good many newspapers self strongly felt. A good many newspapers are beginning to censor their own columns and refusing to print details of court trials that are clearly unfit for publication. Let us all support such newspapers and show by our patronage and our letters of approval

that we appreciate their conduct. There are laws enough on the statute-books now to suppress unclean magazines and punish their publishers. Let the prosecuting officers atpublishers. Let the prosecuting officers attend to their duty and put some of these slimy offenders in jail. There is a responsibility on parents too, to see what sort of reading matter, daily, weekly and monthly, comes under the eyes of their young people, and to explain frankly to the children the peril to character and happiness that lies in the unclean periodical

character and happiness that lies in the unclean periodical.

We hope such methods will curb the evil. But if they do not, the purveyors of indecency will find themselves put out of business by an outraged public opinion, just as the saloon-keepers found. The liquor trade was not intelligent enough to clean its own house, and prohibition resulted. Will the publishing business be wiser? ess be wiser?

A GIFT TO HUMANITY

AFTER years of patient research, a college professor in Wisconsin has discovered a method of stimulating the tissues of plants and animals to produce lime, one of the most essential of body-building materials, through exposure to the ultra-violet ray. It is said that the processe are beyond to impresse

exposure to the ultra-violet ray. It is said that the process can be used to increase substantially the nutritive power of certain foods, and thereby to prevent or cure such diseases as rickets and anæmia.

But it is not of the scientific side of the discovery that we wish to speak, important though it may be. It is of something that seems to us infinitely more worth while. When the professor had demonstrated the practical value of what he had done, a manufacturer of cereal foods offered him \$2,000,000 for the exclusive right to use the discovfacturer of cereal foods offered him \$2,000,000 for the exclusive right to use the discovery, but the professor refused. Instead, he patented his process and then intrusted all his rights to the University of Wisconsin, for the benefit of mankind. He admits that he was tempted, for that great sum would have enabled him to build and equip the laboratory that he dreams of; but he says, "To have sold the rights for exclusive control, to be commercialized and made a matter of dollars and cents, would have been a disappointing and unsatisfactory culmination of my life and unsatisfactory culmination of my life

and unsatisfactory culmination of my life work."

Here speaks the true spirit of scientific research, one of the highest and purest motives that inspire men to action, and one too little emphasized today. The country is full of schools the only aim of which is to teach young men to make more money—schools of salesmanship, of advertising, of accountancy, of business administration. They are all good in their way, but the medical schools and the divinity schools are about the only ones that try to teach men how to make mankind better and happier.

In a splendid address before the students of McGill University some years ago, Rudyard Kipling said: "Watch the man who does not want money. He will go his way, always free, the master and keeper of his soul." Professor Steenboch has shown us what Kipling meant.

ling meant.

JOHN LEADS

MR. SIMON NEWTON, who has re-

MR. SIMON NEWTON, who has recently compiled from telephone books and city directories a list of the ten most popular masculine names in the United States, does not surprise us when he announces that John leads all the rest. In an average list of 100,000 names, John appears 8280 times; William, 7611; James, 4258; Charles, 4253; George, 4171; Thomas, 2710; Henry, 2366; Robert, 2308; Joseph, 2266; and Edward, 1997.

But there seems to be quite a little surprise at the order of some of the other names, especially after passing number three. Some of the Georges simply won't believe it; there are doubting Thomases and Henrys; and not all the Edwards accept their place as rightfully at the tail of the procession. It is satisfactory to everybody, however, that the leading ten are all good, sound, sensible and euphonious names, with the best of Biblical and historic associations. Three names which Mr. Newton selects as of typical average popularity are—rather unexpectedly—Leonard, Nathan and Norman, which range respectively as numbers 65, 66 and 67.

There is no explanation given of why he concerned himself with masculine names alone, and omitted the even more interesting and various feminine ones, in which names newly introduced, old ones revived and the

and various feminine ones, in which names newly introduced, old ones revived and the changes incident to time and fashion would more clearly appear. But, despite innova-tions, there is little doubt that, if he had done so, Mary would show a precedence nearly or quite as marked as John, even although,

in two or three college lists compiled a year or so ago, she failed to hold her own. Ruth was the winner in one college, and Dorothy in another. A census of names is always interesting, and high schools might find it no less worth while than colleges to compile one. Are there more Marys than Ruths now busy over their books, and will the oncoming tide of young Johns rise as high as that of their fathers and grandfathers?

THE FLOPPER

THE FLOPPER

IT is not many years ago that the word flapper, an English immigrant, came to this country, took out naturalization papers and became a popular and useful American citizen. There is now no speech nor language where her voice is not heard, and her popularity has drawn to her side a little companion, a boy friend whose tasks seem to be so like her own that the two are likely to be congenial chums—or chumos.

own that the two are likely to be congenial chums—or chumps.

The newcomer is the flopper. He usually wears a knitted slip-on of kaleidescopic colors and pattern, a pair of light-colored knickers or plus-fours that hang half-way to his ankles, and a hat or cap tilted far enough to one side to let a lock of hair hang over his eyes. But none of those things is essential or definitive. The determining mark of the genus is a pair of four-buckle overshoes, or galoshes, two sizes too large, and left unclasped for their whole length. whole length.

whole length.

It may not be generally known that the flopper has a sterling and virile ancestor, a student at a great New England college where winter snows are deep and spring slush is pervasive and penetrating; so that all the students wear overshoes of necessity. But, though every student buys his own pair, the galoshes are common property. On coming from a recitation room, each boy slips his feet into the first pair he comes to, and, since he is going only a little way, to and, since he is going only a little way, to his room, does not trouble to buckle them. As the feet of college men differ in size, it is only a matter of common courtesy to buy

As the feet of college men differ in size, it is only a matter of common courtesy to buy large overshoes, to accommonte friends.

Thus the flopper's ancestor came into being. His descendants are many and widely scattered, and few of them ever saw a college campus, but all of them have inherited the flapping overshoes, as dogs still keep the two little brown spots over the eyes that link them remotely to the jackal. We are thus particular to give the flopper's pedigree because some persons not well versed in anthropology have mistakenly traced his descent from the Shanghai or the Leghorn rooster, both of which are feathered to the toes.

But we are a little alarmed at a new danger that threatens the flopper. The city marshal of Salem, Massachusetts, moved by the arguments of parents and teachers that flapping galoshes are unsanitary, unhygienic and unsightly, has declared them a public nuisance and issued an order against wearing them. It seems a pity that the flopper's only distinction, the only thing that marks him as a person and attracts attention to him, should thus be taken away. We do not believe in sumptuary laws.

THIS BU WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

THE POSSIBLE COAL STRIKE

WE have grown so used to seeing an obstinate strike follow any serious disagreement between the coal-mine operators and their employees that we are already looking for such a strike in the unionized soft-coal fields of the Middle West, on the expiration of the wage agreement on April 1. There was a conference between representatives of the two conference between representatives of the two conferences. There was a conference between representatives of the two parties to the agreement at Miami in February, but it led to no hopeful result. The operators insist that they must have a lower wage scale than that established three years ago at the Jacksonville conference, if they are to compete fairly with the non-union mines of West Virginia and Kentucky. The miners, however, will listen to no suggestion of a lower scale. Both parties insist that they do not want a strike and are ready to confer again and again, but they are so far apart on fundamentals that it is hard to see how they can agree.

WITH THE AVIATORS

OUR Army aviators who are carrying out the so-called "good-will" flight to all the countries of Central and South America have had a rather discouraging succession of experiences, especially among the Central

American states, where storms and inadequate landing places caused a number of more or less serious accidents to the planes. By sticking to it the fliers overcame all their troubles and after two months or more found themselves on the west coast of South America, where they had better luck. They have visited Lima, Santiago and other important cities and crossed the mountains into Argentina. An Italian aviator named Pinedo has made a successful flight from Rome to Brazil. His was the eighth expedition to fly across the Atlantic, and his success was greeted with loud acclamations in his native land.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

FOLLOWING the victory of Chiang Kaishek's army of Cantonese soldiers over
the defenders of Shanghai—a victory which
seems to have been won as much by skillful
propaganda among the enemy as by actual
fighting—there was an outbreak of coolies
and laborers in Shanghai, and a general
strike, to show the sympathy of those
classes with the advancing army from Canton. The government of Marshal Sun, which
still controlled Shanghai, set to work to
stamp out the uprising, and numbers of
Chinamen were beheaded in the streets of
the city: but the unrest continued. Antistamp out the uprising, and numbers of Chinamen were beheaded in the streets of the city; but the unrest continued. Antiforeign sentiment was not so noticeable as it has been elsewhere. An encouraging piece of news came from Hankow, where, we are told, Mr. Chen, the Cantonese foreign minister, and Mr. O'Malley, the British representative, signed an agreement, which it is believed will put the relations of Great Britain and Southern China on a much more amicable basis, and help to quiet the anti-European feeling throughout the Yangtse Valley. The actual terms of the agreement had not been made public when our record closed. On February 22 a Cantonese gunboat came up the river to Shanghai and in trying to bombard Marshal Sun's arsenal dropped a number of shells into the city itself.

HOPE FOR RADIO USERS

HOPE FOR RADIO USERS

CONGRESS has at last passed a law governing the radio industry, and, though it is the result of a compromise between differing views in the two houses, it seems likely to prove a fairly satisfactory measure. The law creates a commission of five men, appointed by the President, which shall have full control of the issuing of broadcasting licenses and the assignment of wave lengths for one year. After that the law will be administered directly by the Secretary of Commerce, though the commission will still exist, with power to settle controversies that may arise. There commission will still exist, with power to settle controversies that may arise. There is every reason to hope that this arrangement will put an end to the irritating confusion that now prevails among the broadcasting

IMMIGRATION PROBLEMS

IMMIGRATION PROBLEMS

CONGRESS has also voted to defer for one year the operation of the new immigration law, which sets up a different method of estimating the quotas that can be admitted from various foreign countries. The new plan, which is called the "national origins" plan, met with opposition because it materially diminished the number of immigrants who could be admitted from Ireland, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Neither this plan nor the one now in use in entirely satisfactory, and it is possible that before the year is up an entirely different system will be suggested and adopted.

WHAT ARE RAILROADS WORTH?

In the important case of the Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad against the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Supreme Court has handed down a decision refusing Court has handed down a decision refusing to interfere with or set aside the valuation set upon the road's property by the Commission. The decision does not definitely approve the valuation as the correct one; it simply tells the railroad that it is not hurt until the Commission takes some action fixing the rates the road may charge, and based upon the disputed valuation. "Then, if you think you are hurt, you can sue," says the court. The commission set the value of the property at \$45,000,000, but the railroad, estimating the cost of replacement at \$70,000,000, believes it should be permitted to make rates that will return a profit on the latter figure. Railroads all a profit on the latter figure. Railroads all over the country are interested in this case, for many of them take the ground that the commission is undervaluing their

MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



ba L. F. G.

March 25, 738 B. C. Romulus's calendar

THIS unfamiliar date began the year For Romulus and many later Romans Whose circuses had still more atmosphere Than Barnum's, Sells', or any modern showman's.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

RELIGION FOR MANKIND

The Companion's Religious Article

WHEN Jesus declared that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, He affirmed a principle of much wider application than the right of his disciples to rub out corn on a particular day of the week. He established a test for every possible conflict that can arise of religious requirement and human need. What He said, in effect, was that every obligation imposed upon men in the name of religion is to be tested as to its reasonableness and authority upon men in the name of rengion is to be tested as to its reasonableness and authority by its value to human life. His word on this subject is a high form of pragmatism. It is the utter removal of religion from the area

subject is a high form of pragmatism. It is the utter removal of religion from the area of arbitrary tabu.

This is an important discovery, and not all young people have made it. The fault in part may well have been in their teaching. Unreasoning obedience may have been enjoined as the essence of what is rooted and grounded in the need and well-being of human life. Jesus repudiates this method. If murder, arson, greed, lust and revenge are best for human life, then religion must accept and incorporate them in itself. But Jesus makes his appeal to men on the basis of a sweet reasonableness. His religion has its authority and validity in the patent fact that what it dees for men is good for men.

The fact that this is true is strong presumption that the same God who made mankind is the author of the ethical and spiritual values of the Christian faith.

To young people, revolting against all that is arbitrary in religious requirement, the method and message of Jesus come as a welcome discovery as to method and content.

ITCHING

The Companion's Medical Article

The Companion's Medical Article

THE peculiar sensation called itching is due to irritation of the ends of certain nerves in the skin. Itching is a symptom, not a disease, though some physicians call the condition by a special name—pruritus—when they can discover no definite cause for it. The known causes are numerous, some local and some constitutional or general, and in a case of persistent itching the cure depends upon the ability of the physician to discover and remove its cause. It is a constant symptom of various skin diseases, such as eczema, nettle rash, prickly heat and scabies (the latter is often called the "itch" and is due to the presence of a mite living in the skin just beneath the surface), and of certain general diseases, such as diseasets, Bright's disease, jaundice, goutiness and the rheumatic diathesis.

The aged often suffer from itchiness as a result of the thinning and other degenerative changes in the skin. When a tendency to itching exists, it is aggravated by a change in the size of the blood vessels in the skin, as

itching exists, it is aggravated by a change in the size of the blood vessels in the skin, as in contraction under the influence of cold or

in contraction under the influence of cold or dilatation from warmth. The latter is the cause of the itching which is often so trouble-some when we get warm in bed.

In the treatment of itching it is necessary not to be too energetic. Scratching of course must be avoided so far as that is humanly possible, and ointments should be applied in moderate strength and with only light friction, if any. Lotions are usually better than ointments and should be applied by mopping or by means of wet cloths. Among the lotions that may be used are a solution

of bicarbonate of soda, a tablespoonful to the quart; lead water; a liquid obtained by rubbing up together equal parts of camphor and chloral; one part of menthol dissolved in five parts of olive oil and painted upon the itching part. In general itching—a most distressing condition—baths (six ounces of bicarbonate of soda or six pounds of bran in a tubful of water) often afford relief. Such baths should, of course, be somewhat prolonged to get lasting results.

TWO BIRDS IN TUNE

Two birds ring out from the top of a tree In the heart of a summer day,

And the same bright message they bring to me, Though each in a different way. For one is staccato and sharp and plain As he flickers here and there, And the other one rolls a waving strain That laughs to the laughing air. But whichever bird may be singing out So clearly above the rest, The tumbling laugh or the whistle stout,

One bird is dashing with orange and black, A bold and decisive soul, With a song clear-cut as a rifle's crack;
And he is the oriole.

And he is the ortote.

The other bird wears a breast of rose,
Most marvellous color of June;
The grosbeak, jolly from head to toes,
With a swinging and rollicking tune.
But the same dear message comes to me

I like that song the best.

From orange or rosy breast; And whichever bright rascal I chance to see, nd whichever origin is a like that bird the best.

Amos R. Wells

SOMETHING IN A NAME

HE: "There goes Necessity Jones."
She: "Oh, you mean the law student.
But why the 'Necessity'?"
He: "Well, you know the old adage,
'Necessity knows no law."

-Yale Record.

WHY HE WAS BEATEN

"MY friends," began the aspirant for public office, addressing his first audience, and in his own town, "I call you friends; I will not call you 'ladies and gentlemen,' I know you too well for that."

HIS HONOR WAS SAFE

THIS story is told of a New England judge, now dead, who was as famous for his wit as for his learning. He was coming down the icy steps of his courthouse one January day when he slipped, fell and rolled down to the bottom of the steps.

A passer-by who knew him hurried to his assistance and as he helped him to his feet said solicitously, "I trust your honor is not hurt?"

The judge's eyes twinkled. "My honor is not hurt at all, thank you," he replied, "but my elbows and knees are badly scraped, I think."

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

Remember—Commonwealth Film Co. An unselfish young woman's lifelong habit of stepping aside for an unappreciative little sister is finally rewarded. Dorothy Phillips, Earle Metcalf

The General—United Artists
The solemn-faced Buster Keaton as a locomolengineer who tries to do his bit for the Confeder

A Little Journey—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
An incorrigibly forward youth meets his fate in a
Pullman car. William Haines, Claire Windsor

An Affair of the Follies—First National
The tangled heart-affairs of an inventor, a clerk and
a pretty chorus girl come out satisfactorily in the end.
Lewis Stone, Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes

April Showers—Chadwick Pictures
An immigrant umbrella vendor finds America a
land of fulfilment for himself and his little daughter.
Alexander Carr and Baby Peggy

Old Ironsides—Paramount
A remarkable picture, based on the glorious exploits of the old frigate "Constitution" when Decatur,
Lawrence and other heroes of the sea manned her
guns. Charles Farrell, Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston,
George Bancroft.



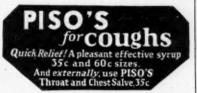
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Ask your STOVINK the red stove remedy.

Mrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.





Unquestioned

With the Jazz Invasion-

-has come new interest in music. Old standards are changed—tra-ditions violated. Masterpieces have been distorted to conform to have been distorted to conform to the swaying rhythm of the abo-riginal dance. Even jazz opera has made its bow, apparently destined to reach unheard of heights of favor! Yet, whether one approves or deplores this jazz-mania, it has, without doubt, added much to the universal interest in music, for it has pro-vided another means of express-ing human emotion.

Happy is the home where every member of the family can express himself in music! And for this purpose the Jesse French & Sons Player Piano is ideal. For the past 52 years.

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Leather Tooling Is Rewarding

AN ENTERPRISE BY G. Y. C. ACTIVE MEMBER NANCY PALMER (16) OF CALIFORNIA



I THINK one of my most interesting enterprises was work in tooled leather. The best thing I made was a pair of book-

ends.

I was very fortunate in having a whole skin of tooling leather, so that I was able to make several things. A large skin costs between seven and nine dollars, but the leather can be purchased in smaller pieces at a cost of about one cent a square inch. The tools are not expensive; one tool, costing about 35 cents, is all that is necessary. You should have a punch—a harness punch, or even a paper punch. Leather dyes may be used, or batik dyes. Snaps for purses can be purchased from a leather-supply company.

Tools for putting on shave the snaps put on. Lacings are also necessary, and they can be bought ready cut.

With the materials and tools which I have mentioned many leather articles can be made. A Branch Club or a group of girls wishing to do much leather work would probably do better to buy leather by the whole skin and all the necessary tools and dyes at once. (Everything necessary can be had from any leather supply company.) A girl who is working alone usually cannot afford all these things, but can get along with fewer articles.

In making a tooled-leather article it is best to make a paper pattern first and draw or trace the design on it. Then lay the pattern on the leather and cut out your article. To transfer a design, place a piece of carbon paper (shiny side on the leather) between your leather and the paper on which the design is traced. Then go over the design, bearing down evenly and firmly with a medium-hard pencil. It is best to do your tooling on a magazine or several thicknesses of paper. The leather should always be damp while you are tooling. The tooling is done by pressing down the background of the design with the tool. Portions to be raised higher may be pressed up from the under side.

My book-ends had a design of a sailing vessel on them, which was very attractive when tooled. After the tooling was done I punched the book-ends lose to the edge, for lacing; the lining was cut the same shape but slightly shorter (to prevent puckering) and punched also. When I colored the book-ends

Our Keystone Pin of Gold and

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achieve-ments

Return to Hazel Grev The G.Y.C., 8 Arlington St., Boston L_

Dear Hasel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

... How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

.... How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil) My name is...... I am years old.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion" - Join now!

We Acquire a "New" Chair — G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 30



Helen cuts the old cane from our second-hand chair

HAVE you an old chair in your house that is still sturdy though the paint and seat are in a sad condition? The Workbox, on its search for inexpensive things with which to furnish the new house, came across an ancient second-hand chair which it bought for fifty cents. Although the cane seat was almost entirely gone and the paint very shabby, the lines were good and, after some concentrated muscular effort had been put in on making the chair like a new one, the girls were able to point with pride to the result you see in the last picture! Why not do the same with your old chairs?

The first step is to cut away the old seat; the next, to remove any old paint with paint remover and an old knife for a scraper. Then the wood must be sandpapered with No. 00 paper until it feels almost velvety.

When the original wood was uncovered, the Workbox discovered that the chair was made of oak. The girls applied a coat of slow-drying black enamel to this, leaving the four back spindles for gold paint. When the first coat dried, another was put on.

One of the most important factors in the finished result is the attractive cord seat; and besides its charming appearance it has the advantage of being both comfortable and long-lived as well. Reed or cord may be used — cord is better for the beginner. The Workbox used ordinary hemp cord — about three balls of it — of the kind that is heavier than ordinary twine, but not so heavy as rope.

Here are three diagrams to follow now while you read about how they put in the cord seat (we took our directions from page 630 of The Youth's Companyers of Carter Carter.

while you read about how they put in the cord seat (we took our directions from page 630 of The Youth's Companion of September 2, 1926).







Beginning with the lower left-hand corner, place one end of the cord on top of the rail, allowing the end to extend several inches, as shown at A. Pass the cord under the rail at A and over at B. This binds the starting end. Pull the cord under the rail at B and carry it directly across the lower right.

8 Arlington Street

hand corner of the chair and over the top at C, round the rail and under at C, over the rail at D, directly the rail at D, directly across under D and over E, under E and over F, under F di-rectly across and over G, under G and over H, under H directly



A close-up of the process

A close-up of the process

This same course is repeated for each round. Notice the repetition of over, under, over, under, as you weave. The weaving



Carola's turn at weaving the chair seat

should form a V-shaped line toward the center, on both the upper and the lower side.

Be careful to hold the cord taut and have it fit closely where it passes over the rails. Do not allow the strands to overlap. Sometimes it will be necessity

times it will be necessary to force the strands together—the Workbox used a pointed stick and a hammer to do this.

When you must join the cord, do not tie knots. Splice it by untwisting each of the ends, cutting a way a slanting piece of each, and overlapping the two ends and twisting them together.

In order that the seat may be solid and firm and not break

firm and not break near the rails you will have to stuff the space between the

Another successful achievement! space between the two layers of cord. Stuff loosely with old odds and ends of string or even excelsior. The final touch is to give the finished seat two coats of orange shellac.

LAST CALL FOR YOUR CONTEST LETTERS

HAVE you written in about your gift chest? Your hope chest? Or your college chest? Remember: this G. Y. C. contest will end on April 4. If you missed the rules in your February 17 Companion, a stamped self-addressed envelope will bring them to your Hurry ub!

Do You Like Nature Study?

AN ENTERPRISE FROM G. Y. C. ACTIVE MEMBER EVELYN FRANZKE (14)

EVELYN FRANZKE
(14)

I LIVE at Newport, Ore.,
right on the Pacific
Ocean; and this gives me a
chance to study about the
ocean, its vegetation and
its sea life. I have a book
called "The Sea Shore,"
by E. B. Smith (published
for \$1.50 by Houghton
Mifflin Company), and by
it I have identified many
ocean creatures and different seaweeds.
Last summer hundreds of
Physalia allamica, or Portuguese men of war, were
carried onto the beach by
the tides. They resemble
small sailboats. The base
is about 3 inches long and
1½ inches wide, with a
sail running along the center from end to end. These
are made of a transparent
white substance and are
edged in blue.
In the winter, heavy tides wash away much
of the sand and expose large beds of agates.
Among the different kinds are the cloud agate,
water agate, moss agate, picture agate, ribbon
agate and cornelian agate. These are polished
and used as settings in many kinds of jewelry.
When the tides are very low, reefs are exposed, where rock oysters may be chiseled out
of solid rock. These are considered quite a
delicacy.
Then there are marine gardens, near here.

delicacy.

Then there are marine gardens, near here. These gardens can be explored at low tide and many different specimens of sea life can be found, among the rocks where there are pools left.

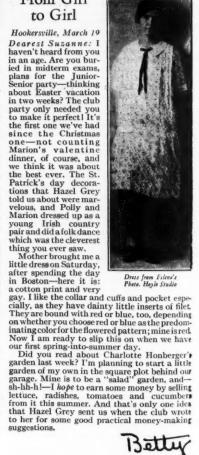
left.

These pools are beautiful; the water is green, and around the sides clinging to the rocks are purple or orange starfish and sea anemones and other forms of sea life. The sea anemones have feelers or arms that reach out and seize food. Some of the forms of sea life found clinging to the rocks or in the pools are: starfish, chiton, hermit crab, mussels, sunfish and many different kinds of seaweed.

I find the study of the ocean, and the things that live in it, very interesting.

From Girl to Girl

Hookersville, March 19 Hookersville, March 19
Dearest Suzanne: I
haven't heard from you
in an age. Are you buried in midterm exams,
plans for the JuniorSenior party—thinking
about Easter vacation
in two weeks? The club
party only needed you
to make it perfect! It's
the first one we've had



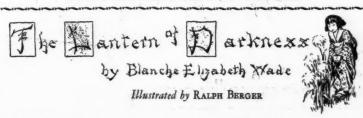
Betty

Dresses like Betty's come in sizes 10 or 12, red or blue, for only \$4.00.

HAZEL GREY

Boston, Mass. 8 Arlington Street Boston, Mast

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



NCE upon a time, not far from the Valley of the Rice-Fields, there stood an old, old Temple; so old that long ago it had been left to itself, and a new one had been built at the other side of the Valley where it could be reached more easily by the Valley folk and by the pilgrims from over the bills.

The old Temple rested from its long service. The ancient woods crowded about it, and crept into its very garden, once so well cared for that visitors from

afar had come to see its beauties.

Near the little stream in this garden still stood one of the great stone lanterns commonly seen in Temple gardens. But this lantern was unusual because, although once upon a time it had been lighted regularly and sent forth a steady glow, when the Temple was deserted and the garden no longer looked after no one had been able to make a light shine from the lantern. A stray traveler on his way to the Valley for shelter one night had paused to rest there at sundown and had tried his best to make a light. But no sooner was his sturdy, long-burning candle in place than, flish-flash, piff-puffl out it went.

The traveler told of this in the village and men said, "It now is a Demon Lantern," which was the Japanese way of saying the lantern was bewitched.

Some of the villagers believed this; others did not; and to settle the question they told the old Priest who once had

they told the old Priest who once had lived at the Temple.

"When one with a heart of wisdom lights the Lantern of Darkness the Lantern will shine," said he.

Ah, if that were all, there should be a light that very night, said the villagers; and they had no hard work to get the wild Wise Man of the Valley for each hypothesis. old Wise Man of the Valley to say he would make the Lantern of Darkness shine for them. First of all, he tried a candle of his own in a stone lantern of his home

as anyone could wish.

"What lights one lantern will light another lantern," said he proudly; and all the villagers nodded their heads at his wise saying, which sounded so like a famous proverb that there must be truth in the words. At sunset they crowded about him at the Lantern of Darkness the lonely garden and praised his wisdom as he first placed the candle in the Lantern and then touched its wick with a lighted taper. Imagine their amazement when, flish-flash, piff-puff! out went the flame; nor could the Wise Man make the name; nor could the Wise Man make the candle stay lighted inside the Lantern, however well it burned outside. Though the villagers poked sticks into the openings of the Lantern, thinking dust and dirt clogged these holes of ventilation, still no one could make the Lantern of Darkness glow.

AFTER all, perhaps it was the Poet who had a heart of wisdom, they thought. He willingly agreed to try his



Finally a Gardener was set to work to clear the garden of weeds

garden, where the wick burned as well into English might have sounded something like this:

'Dark is the honorable Lantern of the old Temple, until lighted by the august Heart of Wisdom."

But, though the Poet recited the poem and then placed his candle within the Lantern, flish-flash, piff-puff! out went the flame! The Poet had failed. Then the villagers said no doubt the Artist of the Valley would succeed. Had not he often sketched the garden, the Temple, and the Lantern itself, in the old days?

THE Artist said he should be glad to try,

and, standing before the Lantern, he decked it with beautiful garlands and waited until that lovely hour when the rose colors of sunset give way to the magic twilight blues that darken to make the stars stand out the better. Then he placed his candle inside the Lantern. Flish-flash, piff-puff! The flame was out!

What! Was there no one with a heart of wisdom in the whole Valley, thought the villagers. They made everyone try who had ever done anything worth speak-ing about. The list was long, for it left out no one from the best Silk-Weaver, Fan-Maker and Carver of Ivory to the Candle-Maker himself; yet every time, flish-flash, piff-puff! and the light vanished!

FINALLY a Gardener was set to work to clear the garden of weeds and restore it to its former beauty that visitors might find it attractive and come to try to light the Lantern of Darkness.

The Gardener moved his few belongings to the lonely hill and lived in a small hut with his little daughter. He did not fear the nights when no one came, nor did the child who learned to love the stillness and

she flitted about the garden, welcoming these playfellows she loved. Once her had made her a tiny firefly cage and let her have fireflies in it to glow awhile for her in the house before she let them go free again. But now that he was too busy to make cages she begged him to give her pieces of wire mesh, that she

might try the fashioning of a firefly cage. Suddenly she had an idea so wonderful that she nearly told her father that instant. But she said nothing and worked it out so that everything was ready before sunset. When the first firefly spark was seen, the Gardener saw his little daughter running here and there catching her

playmates.

"And have you made the cage?" he called.

"You shall see," she replied and made
him turn away until she called him to look.

What he saw when her call came made him think he was dreaming: the Lantern of Darkness was flashing with light! For she had made her cage by tying the pieces of mesh over the openings of the old Lantern on three sides, and had fastened the fourth piece in place when the fireflies were all inside. No flish-flash, piff-puff! darkened the Lantern this time!



1 be Poet recited the poem and then placed the candle within the lantern

The whole Valley heard the news, and . the next night the whole Valley flocked to see her repeat the miracle. Even the

old Priest made the journey.

"See," said he to the great company.

"It is as I said. When one with a heart of wisdom lights the Lantern of Darkness, the Lantern will be heart of the lantern of the lantern will be lantern with the lantern of the lantern will be lantern with the lantern will be lantern will be lantern with the lantern will be lantern will be lantern with the lantern will be lantern will be lantern will be lantern with the lantern will be lantern will be lantern with the lantern will be l luck and even wrote a poem in honor of the Lantern. A poem in Japanese is not at all like our poetry; his poem translated to love the striness and the win feathed to love the striness and the striness and the company the sweet odors when the night shut out "It is as I said. When one with a heart of wisdom lights the Lantern of Darkness the Lantern of Darkness the Lantern will shine. Who but an inno at all like our poetry; his poem translated firefly season came. Like a firefly herself, the Lantern will shine. Who but an inno-

RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD

THE LITTLE NEW MOON

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

The little new moon was pettish and proud.

With her silver-sharp horns she tore up a cloud.

With her wide-open mouth she swallowed a star,

And she ventured away from the heavens so far

That, swish: she was caught in the net of a tree

Where she had to remain till the dawn set her free.

Neuto & Crack

1. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in save, but not in get, My second in moist, but not in wet. My second in moist, but not in wet. My third is in blue, but not in green My fourth is in pure, but not in cles My fifth is in mien, but not in look, My sixth is in bake, but not in cook You'll see me easily. Look around! Though well covered up, I'll be bout

2. THE ANAGRAM WILL.

This ingenious anagram puzzle has been attributed to Lewis Carroll, although it did not appear in his popular writings. There are five questions. Each one is answered with a three-word sentence; and the same nine letters appear in each answer.

When do you intend to make your will?
Shall I write it in pencil?
When should a man leave all his money to charity?
What did you say when you heard this?
What will your nephew say when he
learns he is your heir?

3. WORD-SOUARE.

A mean, tricky fellow. 2. Entic. 3. Said. 4. Quoting. 5. Exatisfaction for. 6. Business book.

4. RIDDLE.

5. COLONEL PUZZLER

The colonel's sister came to call on General Deliv-y, bringing with her a young lady. "General," she said, "this lady is my niece." The general turned to Colonel Puzzler and re-arked, "Colonel, your niece is a charming young

isn't my niece," replied the colonel. this strange relationship be explain

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Come-burr-land, Mary-land; Cumberland, Mary-

He, hero, her, heroine.
 He, tap, part, taper, patter, spatter, patterns.
 O (either zero or the letter O).
 The sentinels were facing cack other; hence they detected the colonel when he went between them.

A LETTER

By Cora E. Severance

Dear Mother Nature:

I write to ask

Some things I would like to know: we always find the Cat-tails where the Pussy-willows grow?

the Butter-cups and Milk-weed live together, side by side? the Blue-bells ring for the fairies

when they wander, far and wide? the trumpets blow on the

Trumpet-vine? Do Lady-slippers walk?

So many things I would like to know! I wish that flowers could talk!





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